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Album

The Album: or Pencil, Miscellaneous Contributions

for Friends.

Thornton [Leic.]: 1849. 80

(Vol. II.)

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Leicestershire.

(or about midwint.)

Angustus Printon, aft. the Rev. Robert, son of the  
Rev. Samuel Adams, Vicar of Thornton cum Baseworth.  
Printed at the Vinegar.

# THE ALBUM:

OR

Original, Miscellaneous

CONTRIBUTIONS OF FRIENDS.

(Vol. I.)

THORNTON:

Printed and Published by A. C. ADAMS.

—o—  
1849.



# THE ALBUM.

No.1.

APRIL 1848.

## ADDRESS TO OUR FRIENDS.

In submitting to our friends the first number of **THE ALBUM**, we beg to state briefly the design of the present miscellany.

We will not, like Public Journalists, enthrall ourselves in the vindication of any particular class of political dogmas or sectarian tenets considering such disputations not only to be negatively unprofitable, but positively prejudicial to the union of social interest. On the contrary, our columns shall be open only for such subjects as are serious, literary, or of an amusing character.

In our endeavours to carry out this purpose we shall insert in each number a few stanzas of original poetry, a charade or enigma, a popular tale, and such letters of correspondence as our friends shall kindly transmit to us.

Contributions are earnestly solicited. Deeming it unnecessary to claim for ourselves an exemption from criticism, we now venture our first impression into the hands of our private readers as a medium of mutual intercourse.



## TEMPERANCE.

*Vino forma perit, vino corrumpitur ætas.*

The movement of Total Abstinence is one of some importance, all will admit; since it is a great movement either in the **RIGHT** direction or the **wrong**. Here then is the question with which we commence its advocacy: **Have Temperance societies a moral, or an immoral tendency, are they calculated to do good or to do evil?** This is a momentous query, and one in the answer of which is involved either a stand against the progressing inroads of temperance in our country, or a defence of the principles which it professes to inculcate. As to its probable moral results, there can be but two opinions, one favorable, the other unfavorable. But many will admit that the results are good, whilst they deny the propriety of the reform, saying "there are instances in Scripture where wine is absolutely recommended".

Others in pious amazement exclaim "can it be lawful to drink that which our Blessed Lord used while on earth?" No: we answer at once: it could not for one moment by any rational Christian be questioned that it was quite lawful to drink the wine which Christ miraculously produced at the marriage in Cana. But it is certain that our Saviour used only one kind of wine at the Galilean marriage. Was it Port, Sherry, Madeira, or Champagne, Cybusan, Falernian, Maronian, or Retic, Chian, Lesbian, or Leucadian, &c.?

All wine-drinkers know well that modern wines are widely different; and we may safely conclude that they all differ from the ancient.

Then granting that Christ made one of the ancient, or one of the modern wines, He could have made no more; from which it is manifest that this argument, or this fact rather, is no scriptural proof that the cup should be used indiscriminately. But we are told that wine is wine, by whatever other differential term it is denominated, and that the arguments which have ~~reference~~ to one, have equal weight when applied to all. Witness this assertion carried out in a parallel case. Christ by a miracle supplied a whole multitude with fish; but does any one argue from this that we should eat all kinds of fish without distinction?

By making such an affirmation any man would hazard his reputation as a judicious reasoner, for it is evidently repugnant to common sense. To eat the whale and dog-fish might be "lawful", but certainly it is "not expedient"; but to partake of such as Christ distributed to his followers is both lawful and expedient. Let the impartial apply this, with regard to the pure unadulterated juice of the grape, such as our Saviour honoured in his 'beginning of miracles', and to the alcoholic poisons which are current in the present day. We do not pronounce it to be injurious to use medicinally such wine as Paul recommended to his "son Timothy"; but we do boldly affirm that no portion of Scripture countenances the drinking of such wine as Solomon refers to in the following inspired advice "Look not upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his colour in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent and stingeth like an adder". Mark the expression 'look not upon' it, which surely implies that

we should not drink it. Would our Lord make such wine as the Wise Man forbids us to "look upon?" Who will affirm it? What then comes of the argument that 'wine is wine,' be it what kind soever it may? It is nugatory and the incontrovertible truth obtrudes itself that "a name is nothing," for we know there are drinks made in the present day which go under the name of wines, actually little better than the beer in an ale-shop. We speak not against wine as a whole; but we do oppose the use of all those wines which "give their colour in the cup;" and, in so doing, we hope to be free from the imputation of arrogance, inasmuch as whatever, in the present instance, is preferred against ourselves, equally reflects upon the inspired Solomon, from whom we have received the precedent.

#### LINES ON THE HOLY BIBLE.

Thou oracle divine, whose lumin'd page  
Directs the pilgrim to his heav'nly lot;  
Though priz'd by few, and set at nought by all  
Whose thoughts adhere to vain and worthless toys;  
I thee admire. The truth thou dost disclose,  
In language plain; too plain for carnal minds.  
Thy doctrines uncorrupt, the test of ages  
Have withstood. The scoff and sneer of Infidels,  
And Philosophic dreams of mortal men,  
Who too arrogant to be taught by thee,  
Climb up to heav'n, and soar among the stars:  
Then at a guess, declare thou didst mistake  
The object and the motion of the orbs;  
The fossil, relic of some distant age,  
That liv'd and mov'd, say they, alas! vain man!  
Long prior to the time thou hast defin'd  
This world's creation, and all things besides,  
Have fail'd to controvert one sacred theme  
Of thy contents. Like th' unshaken rock,  
That stands erect upon a distant shore,  
Repels the force of ev'ry dashing surf,  
Firm thou remain'st in spite of all thy foes:  
The King of kings thy rights will vindicate.  
There has he magnified above his name.  
To disparage thee, is an insult great

To Him by whom we live, and from whose face,  
 The earth and heav'ns shall flee, with all their train:  
 I'll listen to thy voice. Thou wisdom freely giv'st  
 To simple minds, a treasure like to which  
 None can compare; above all I thee prefer.  
 Thy lines have oft afforded joy in grief,  
 My fainting mind how many times sustain'd,  
 When sin and sorrow did their pow'r unite,  
 With Satan's rage, my soul to overwhelm.  
 A Conq'r'or's arm thou didst expose to view,  
 And bad'st me there repose my wants and cares.  
 Through grace I thee believ'd, and prov'd thee true.  
 How midst my many toils and griefs and pains,  
 The world knows not my joy inspir'd by thee.  
 Beyond death's vale thy cheering light's diffus'd,  
 By means of which I see the promis'd land,  
 The rest prepar'd for all the ransom'd throng,  
 And peace unmingl'd with perplexing thoughts,  
 But best of all, that all's prepar'd for me.

T. O.


[Composed for the ALBUM, March 10. 1848.]

## ENIGMA.

My 3, 6, 4, in seas and rivers may be found,  
 At 1, 9, 4, and 10, all mariners have frown'd:  
 My 2, 3, 6, and 4, of the body forms a part,  
 But 1, 9, 5, you'll say's a quadruped right smart.  
 My 8, 6, 4, and 10, in ev'ry ship is seen,  
 Whilst 2, 9, 5, to men might well be call'd a  
 [screen.

My 2, 9, 5, and 3, abhorrence deep denotes:  
 8, 3, and 7, make a fowl that's fond of oats.  
 My 4, 6, 7, 5, is lent but ne'er return'd;  
 My 6, 4, 10's a tree that's very seldom burn'd.  
 This is enough: my whole's a town with letters  
 [ten,  
 In south of British land remote from bog & fen.

R. S.

 We shall be happy to receive a poetical solution of the  
 above enigma for insertion in our next.

## AN EVENING WALK.

[Written for THE ALBUM by R. S.]

It was on a calm and lovely evening in the summer of 1845, that I, together with a friend, drove on a post car into the village of Drumcronagh, on our way to the vale of Avoca in the County of Wicklow. As we had been riding all day long, we agreed to pass the night at the village, and proceed on the following morning to the celebrated vales, it being a distance of about twelve miles. On arriving at the Inn, which we were obliged to adopt as our evening quarters, to us it presented by no means the most prepossessing appearance, nor were we in the least degree fascinated with the charms of the sturdy hostess, who called up the ideas of tenderness and muliebrity only by way of contrast and not from any similarity of association, her complexion being, to all intents and purposes the fac-simile of a smoked ham which hung suspended by a hemp cord over the fire place, and her grey eye, clumsy nose, stern over-hanging brow, and resolute physiognomy, at once proved her to be of the true Celtic race.

Being Englishmen, we were rather unprepared to witness the *outer court* or *bar* of an Irish village Inn, consequently on our first introduction, our nerves became partially relaxed, and the deep *hogo* of the "mountain dew" at least reminded us of incipient debility, accompanied with no small offence to our olfactory organs. But as we should not prove a pudding by mere smell without gustation, so we found, by legitimate experience, that our first-sight surmises, with respect to the "Travellers Home,"

were ungrounded, and that, instead of being (what it apparently was) a mere mug-house for rustic tipplers, it was the domicile of a tepid hearted Irish family, having false colours hung out, only considered as to their property of repulsion, and not that of attraction. After we had received some refreshment, and had briefly conversed with the landlord and hostess, who, in a short time began to manifest all the dispositions of Hibernian pleasantry, we went to enjoy a walk around the neighbourhood, as it was then about eight o'clock in the evening. When we emerged from within the cluster of houses, a scene of picturesque grandeur presented itself to our view, such as I had never before witnessed. The sun was sinking down in all the golden hue of summer majesty behind the Wicklow mountains, and as he cast his farewell rays on the romantic groves around the village of Drumcronagh, still more and more horizontally among the tapering firs, and as the waning beams and the lengthening shadows across the road, became less and less perceptible, until at last they vanished without a sigh; it reminded me of the declining vigour of the rays of life, in the season of old age, when the shades advance with progressive step, until the sun of mortality sets on this dim globe, and all is hushed, only to rise in a distant land in greater strength, there to run the long round of an eternal day!

Indulging in these reflections, we walked along under the impending oaks, until we came to a foot-path leading through the grove, into which we entered; but we had not walked many yards when we perceived a gentleman coming towards us; and musing by the way, he seemed like one

"Worn with care, and craz'd with hopeless love."

but, before we had time to make any remark regarding his mien, he was at our side, and lifting up his eyes, he familiarly accosted us:--

"A pleasant evening, gentlemen;" said he.

"Very pleasant indeed, Sir," I replied, "and it is rendered doubly so to us, on account of the delightful locality where it is our happiness to enjoy it."

When I made this observation, a gleam of melancholy pleasure played upon his countenance, as if some cord of sympathy had been touched, by which he recognised in my remark the expression of a feeling, the counterpart of his own; but, as if to check his desire to say what he would have said:

"Then you are, probably, strangers in this part of the country;" he continued.

"We are Englishmen, on a tour to the Vales of Avoca;" was my friend's reply.

When we had arrived at the extremity of the grove, the stranger had thrown away all reserve, and his unsuspicious frankness of conversation at once claimed my respect and esteem.

We found that the foot-path led into an avenue across which the umbrageous firs were interweaving their mantling boughs, and at the one end of which, was buried in the trees a house whose decorated front could be seen through the intervening foliage, and whose whole appearance told it to be a fit abode of happiness.

With colloquial familiarity I thus addressed our unknown companion:

"This seems a most interesting house: I suppose it is the residence of the village landlord?"

To my interrogatory remark he made no direct reply, but turning on his heel, said, "Should you

feel disposed to favour me with your company, for half an hour, in my evening walk, I shall relate a short history connected with this house."

We both answered, "Your society which is valuable shall be rendered still more so by your narrative."

We then turned back into the middle of the grove; and as the thrush finished his evening notes, when nature was about to put on her sable robes, the stranger heaved an unconscious sigh, and then commenced:--

Some thirty years ago a pious young Clergyman Rector of the Parish of Druncronagh, lived here, who, at the time my story commences, was married to the daughter of a Clergyman who resided in a maritime district of Wexford.

Mr. and Mrs. Elmsbury (this was their name) had lived about seven years after their union in the unalloyed enjoyment of domestic happiness, when they saw four children, two sons and two daughters, collected around their knees, eager in listening to the scripture stories of their pious father, and no less pleased with the gentle caressings of a tenderly affectionate mother.

They were in good earnest devoted to their childrens interests, and hence adopted, what to them seemed, the most direct way of ensuring the respectability, as well as the spiritual welfare of their family. But, as *perfection* is nowhere to be found in a world whose differential characteristic is itself *imperfection*, so it is not to be wondered that Mrs. E\*\* partook of the universal defect though it was found in an unhappy form; and this was, that she was frequently inclined to permit the practice of a weak indulgence to counteract the strict exercise of a well regulated discipline.



Their eldest son, George, when at the age of eight or nine, took advantage of this absence of severity, or I might say, of prudent management, on the part of his parents, and by continued acts of disobedience caused many a tear to rest on the cheek of his loving mother.

His brother Charles was of a milder and more docile disposition and instead of turning the neglect of his parents' severe restraint, to his own account, in the practice of forbidden conduct, he acted in accordance with their wishes on this account with more promptitude and cordiality.

*(To be continued.)*

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,-- As these villages by the recent change of Railway communication and a more circuitous Post, have experienced to a very considerable extent the loss of information as to the sayings and doings of the world at large; I cannot help feeling some concern for yourself in the onerous duties of providing instruction and amusement for your readers. Doubtless you feel strong in your own resources, and have laid in sufficient store of matter and of facts, to be distributed in due season to the good people of Bagworth and Thornton as periodical treats and for which I hope all will feel obliged.

Although from time immemorial it has been Bagworth and Thornton I think Mr. Editor that circumstances have so changed the relative position of the two Villages in local consequence that a different order of precedence must be insisted upon. The Post Office being fixed at the latter place was a great weight in the balance

but the erection of a PRINTING PRESS quite makes the scale of Thornton preponderate and that of Bagworth to kick the beam. It must now be Thornton and Bagworth, and I would advise the inhabitants of the former place to claim their privilege of standing first, and I have no doubt that all your Editorial notices of these important places will tend to establish the same.

This Mr. Editor is only a passing remark, I have not yet written what I intended to do when I took pen in hand. It was a something by way of encouragement to yourself in your undertaking which I contemplated, and to somewhat of the following effect; That although shut out from the busiest scenes of life there is ever enough spread around you to think of and consequently enough of subjects to write about, far more than you will be able to discuss, and make your readers understand the merits of; even should your life be lengthened beyond the age of man.

We often hear such observations made by superficial people as the following -- "your's must be a dull situation sadly out of the world -you can know nothing of passing events here -completely buried in this out-of-the-way place -no neighbours- no society, nothing to be seen." These assertions are often received as truths! (and perhaps in some instances are felt as such) but if we question for a moment we shall find they have no foundation in reality, or, our's indeed would be a very pitiful case.

We may not here, (as the inhabitants of a town can do) be enabled to enter a news-room at any hour of the day to obtain the latest intelligence of foreign events or of the state of the

funds -- we may not Mr. Editor be enabled to find at all seasons some idler ready to discuss politics-- we may not be enabled to assemble in numbers on an evening to *conversazione* or the like. But having leisure in our hands, we can enjoy it even in the country profitably, we can view the wonders and beauties around us, and we can reflect and meditate thereon.

"God made the country and man made the town" is a line so aptly suited for me that I must be excused for quoting it. Now I do not wish to draw an invidious comparison between the two, for the town has its advantages, besides both "sight and reflection may be found within its gates." I only wish to take a fair view of the meaning of the poet which I believe is this,

God's works are more visible in the country-- more apparent to our senses. A greater number of His wonders meet our sight, we see them at every turn, in every blade of grass, in leaf of every tree, we see His hand in every insect, His power in every storm, we see frost, rain, and sunshine bringing forth events; seasons made subservient to this end: in short in every object spread around us, we behold His power and care displayed, and as we meditate upon these things we look from nature up to nature's God. The season of the year is fast approaching when the trees will send forth their leaves, and the fields will be clothed in green, we shall then feel the inspiring influence of Spring, and, as we have felt before so shall we again be tempted to wish the continuance for ever of this beautiful season. But in such wish we should not sufficiently reflect upon the matter, for we

should not forget that winter is equally serviceable to man and auxiliary to the supply of his wants. If we take the plant upon which the inhabitants of this country are chiefly dependent for their food and inquire what has the winter done for it? how has this season contributed to its growth? If we go deeply into the enquiry and search to the foundation, the benefit conferred and received we shall obtain this answer

By the action of frost and rain and vicissitudes of weather, these stones are converted into bread.

The ability to convert stones into bread, was once proposed by the tempter, as a proof of the omnipotence of the Saviour: Satan would have admitted the instant change as miraculous, but should the gradual formation of bread from stone be held less wonderful-- less indicative of power in our eyes. I hereby conceive Mr. Editor that I should not. I humbly conceive that such enquiry as this must tend to increase man's sense of the power and might and kindness of his Maker; and shew forth to him that he owes more gratitude for all the Creator's gifts, than a superficial observation and less perfect knowledge ever can convey.

I shall, at some future period be happy to give you a few details of the economy of nature, which have come under my observation, or which have forced themselves upon my consideration. In the mean time I beg to wish you success in your undertaking, and to encourage you by my good wishes for increasing circulation for your work.-- Yours truly,

B. P.

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**BIBLE SOCIETY.** On Friday evening, March 24, a meeting of the "Thornton and Bagworth Auxiliary Society" was held in the School-Room, Bagworth, W. Harrison, Esq, Treasurer, in the chair. The Rev. S. Adams, Secretary of the society, opened the meeting with prayer; and, after the report had been read by the Chairman, he, in a very feeling and impressive address, urged the necessity of sending the Scriptures among the Chinese and Turks, where doors have been freely opened for their reception. T. J. Bourne Esq. the Deputation from the Parent Society, gave some very interesting details of its successes abroad. The Rev. J. Webb next shewed the Bible to be the safeguard of our Country, and exemplified its salutary influence on the minds of the ignorant. R. Smyth Esq. then pointed out the irreconcilable opposition of Popery to the Word of God, more especially as displayed in Ireland. The Rev. J. F. Fella afterwards briefly advocated the utility of "Pocket Bibles" in addition to "Family Bibles." The Chairman, having strenuously insisted upon an increase of funds; a hymn was sung, and the meeting separated. The marked attention to the speeches throughout the evening, evinced by the audience, fully justifies us in the hope that all felt the importance of the subject on account of which they had assembled; and that they departed with the firm, but humble, resolve, to act in accordance with the exhortations they had received, and with the dictates of an enlightened conscience, in reference to the extension of Christ's Word and Kingdom.

The Collection amounted to £2, 2, 6.

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## SPRING.

To a contemplative mind the return of spring calls up every pleasing reflection; this resurrection of nature displays the power of God, for he who changed its luxuriant beauty into winter, sterility, and dreariness, now clothes the grass of the field; now wakens the early songsters now opens up the violet, the primrose, and the cow-slip: nature was dead, inflexible, prostrate, her flowing veins were stagnant, but now the sparkling waters gently glide along the verdant meads, and every hill, dale, wood, and meadow, are brightened with the glowing sun.

The Christian sees his handy works and feels his faithfulness to his Covenant with the earth while he beholds the greater miracle of the resurrection of his glorious Lord, from sin and death and hell: and prays for that spiritual resurrection of his soul, to partake of that first resurrection with his saints and to inherit that new Creation; that new heavens and new earth where it will be perpetual SPRING, *For Lo! the winter is past, the flowers appear on the earth, and the time of singing is come.* Sol. Song, ch. ii. 11, 12.

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### SENTENCES.

All in time must fail. All in eternity must endure.

A child of God is outwardly righteous, and inwardly holy.

All that God does for his people is marvellous in their eyes.

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## ORIGINAL POETRY.

### TO THE SETTING SUN.

The setting splendour of yon orb of day,  
Who can behold it slowly fade away  
Behind the distant hills, nor inward feel  
A sense of adoration o'er them steal!  
With me it is a scene so fraught with bliss,  
I long to soar beyond a world like this!  
Still are there some, with look and tone so kind,  
For whom I fain would linger yet behind;  
If to their home a pleasure I can add,  
Or share a sorrow should their heart be sad.

M. B.

### PARTINGS.

"Mid the confux of time, 'mid the changes of seasons,  
Mid th' enjoyments of life sweetest pleasures decay;  
Tho' nought but the partings of friends be the reasons  
Why bliss discontinues, why sorrows essay.

The joys of our childhood, in spring's fairest morning,  
Have faded and faded and darkly have flown;  
And tho' comfort to-day may our path be adorning,  
To-morrow it parts and for ever is gone.

"Farewell" breaks the tie that the heart firm has fasten'd,  
And "partings" the love that once strongly has blaz'd:  
Thus in every vicissitude sweets must be chasten'd;  
And the conflicts be quell'd that our passion has rais'd.

But where love firm is fix'd tho' the elements mingle,  
Tho' nature itself clad in sorrow may frown,  
Every day will the flame more transcendently kindle,  
And floods with their fury can never it drown.

Farewell to thee England, adieu! to thy valleys,  
May love in thy borders for ever remain!  
Where now at thy parting my sad spirit rallies,  
To think that ere long I shall seek thee again.

A. T.

# THE ALBUM.

No. 2.

MAY 1848.

## AN EVENING WALK.

*(Continued from our last.)*

In the case of these two brothers, there was a living testimony to the truth, that, as the same system of laws cannot be applied with equal aptness or success to two nations, varying in original customs, and in acquired civilization; so the same course of rule, regulation, and punishment, cannot with equal fitness and propriety be employed in the training of two differently disposed children; and, they also added, as it were, another plait to the irrefragable cable of inductive evidences, that those, who look for exact similarity in the original constitution of two different minds, will, in the event, be miserably disappointed.

There being, then, a difference in the innate principles of intellectual constitution, there is necessarily, and invariably a dissimilitude in the practical development, which demands, on the part of parents, a course of mental training, not differing in *principle* but distinct in the method of *application*; so as to draw out with greater force those powers; physiologically weak; and more especially a line of moral instruction peculiar to each, so as to check corrupt tendencies, and to rouse to action those principles which may be hidden by stronger passions. That attention to these fundamental truths



was almost totally neglected, with regard to the subjects of my narrative; and that the stream of mild instruction glided softly in the channel of Charles' disposition, whilst it was constantly impeded by the stony depths of George's sterner nature, the sequel will fully discover.

Passing over the period, during which they were under their parents' immediate eye, though, were I to delineate some of the occurrences of this same period, their future characters would readily be stamped upon your minds, the time arrived when the two brothers must leave home and participate in the scheming practices of a Public School.

Mr. Elmsbury, after much enquiry and deliberation in the choice of a proper school, at length pitched on Edgar House, Enniscorthy, where there was "a limited number of boys received," and where he hoped the line of discipline would be beneficial to George. When settled here, Charles joined his books with all his usual avidity, and soon gained a station in his classes from which he could not easily be removed; and indeed his brother attained a fixed point in his classes, from which he never wished to depart, since he could find no other capable of being retained with so little trouble: but, from this you are not to conclude that he was a boy without spirit: he had too much, but it was always displayed at an improper season, and on worse than useless occasions.

For the first half-year, however, he conducted himself tolerably well, in a sort of *no-good, little-harm* way; but on his return to school after the first Midsummer holidays, he could scarcely be prevailed upon to look on a single book, spending his pocket-money in sweet-meats, wines, and brandy; whilst Charles reserved *his* for the more laudable purpose of purchasing instructive books.

There was *one* species of reading, nevertheless, to which George was to a certain extent addicted, and

*this*, one over whose glossy lines, many a sparkling eye, the index of a sensitive mind, has floated with intense delight, now and then bedimmed with a simple tear, shewing the internal sympathy with the extravagant chimera of some imaginative author. I mean *Novel* reading! To some, such amusement is a welcome delicacy: not so to them who have felt the withering blasts of adversity. Books of wild adventures, heroic deeds of love and daring chivalry, Knight errantry, such as Don Quixote, were perused by George, unknown to his master; he began at length to imagine himself a real flesh and blood hero; a pretty *young* lady in the town, daughter to Counsellor G \* \* , supplied him with a living example with which he made many a glowing description tally; in short, at the age of sixteen, he was quite a man, and in relation to his teachers, beyond all control. The Usher remonstrated with him, the Master threatened him with expulsion, in case he did not reform his conduct; but, all to no purpose.

Charles warned him of the evil consequences his behaviour would eventually entail on their dear mother; and, indeed, very often his heart was softened in their secret conferences, though it was merely like the Æolian harp under the influence of the gentle breeze, whose chords cease their pleasing melodies as soon as the actuating Zephyr withholds its power, and the impression thus made soon vanished away like a mist.

A circumstance however, at length occurred which brought this obstinacy on his part to a complete crisis. One evening after dinner, he stole out, went down to town, and, unfortunately, forgot to return in time to make the accustomed nominal preparation of the following day's lessons. The master had messengers sent in quest of him, and after two hours' search he was discovered, playing at cards with two young gentlemen whose company he constantly

courted. This immoral society and murderous pastime he refused to relinquish, until Dr. Darnley sent Charles to solicit his compliance by affectionate means; and strange to say, this method was generally efficacious when employed by him, though unavailable by any other. When he arrived at Edgar House, it was ten o' clock.

Nothing was said to him that night, but, when he arose the next morning he was taken rigorously to task for his unpardonable conduct, and was helped to the cane with unwonted liberality. He suffered the chastisement with all the regardless rancour of an obdurate disposition; and when it was over, drawing himself up with an air of self-sufficiency, he, with a scowl of injured merit, said to his master;

"Have you done, Sir? If you have done now, you have done for ever: you shall never again badger me about like a gipsy's dog; but I hope to see the day when I shall be able to repay you for this merciless beating: *mind that!*"

His grieved, and conscientious master saw that it would be of little avail to labour any more with "physical force;" and, so left him to his own undisturbed ruminations.

During that day, he meditated an escape from school; and several of the boys proffered their assistance in putting the design into execution.

To heighten his zeal for departure, one of his favourite companions, who was let into all his secrets whispered to him; "How can you look Eliza in the face after she hears of your getting such a flogging."

This was enough: the nail was struck right on the head. Two o'clock came, the hour appointed for the clandestine exit; the boys privy to the scheme were in attendance at his dormitory, about a dozen sheets were tied together, the window was opened, a sheet was tied round George's body below his arms, he threw himself out, trusting to the fidelity

of his accomplices, and the next minute was on *terra firma* below. He could not see his deliverers above; but uttering "Farewell! farewell!" he bounded off impelled by *fear* of pursuers, which, though it did not sweep away all remembrance of the fair object of his admiration, nevertheless, paralyzed the amatory energies so far as to set him in a very short time several miles from her and Enniscorthy.

The excitement at first sustained his spirits; but, when this was partly allayed, tears supplied its place, and he envied the security of his contented brother; but then another thought of the "unmerciful flogging" drew out his spleen afresh, and he silently swore never to return either home or to school.

(*To be continued*)

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[*We insert the following Solutions in the order in which we received them.*]

SOLUTION OF ENIGMA:-- April.

*Eels* oft do make a dainty dish,  
 Tho' not so rare as other fish;  
 The num'rous tribe are only caught  
 In storm, and not in *calm* are sought,  
 Altho' no *heel*, like human form,  
 The *cat* can boast of, yet to storm  
 Poor mouse's citadel, her paws  
 Prove powerful weapons, set with claws,  
 I must, to write of this and that,  
 Abruptly turn from *helm* to *hat*;  
 The former, to the seaman, still  
 Directs his vessel where he will:  
 The latter, ornamental dress,  
 Is also priz'd for usefulness.  
 A fowl which none do *hate*, but all  
 Do like, altho' in size 'tis small;  
 I mean the *hen*, for that's its name,  
 So pretty, harmless, and so tame.

Reader, you've *lent* a willing ear;  
 Th' enigma solv'd you soon shall hear;  
 For nought remains to speak of now,  
 But lofty *elm* with spreading bough,  
 And tow'ring height majestic stands,  
 To grace the groves of Britain's lands.  
 To tell the whole I able am;  
 Enigmatist, 'tis CHELTENHAM.

M. S.

SOLUTION 2.

THE PIRATE.

So loves the silver *cel* the strand,  
 But much detests the parched land;  
 The British Tar thus hails the gale,  
 Which breaks the *calm* and swells his sail:  
 While on his mast from head to *heel*,  
 He spies a pirate round him steal;  
 Such as a *cat*, in search of prey,  
 He in the chase doth steer his way:  
 The *helm* goes round, his *hat* he waves,  
 While o'er his sheets the water laves.  
 With awful *hate*, in furious mood,  
 As when a *hen* would to her brood  
 Protection bring, if aught dismay'd,  
 So *lent* is all the pirate's aid  
 To save his crew; but ah! his helm,  
 Instead of oak, proves only *elm*.  
 In heroes, all must yield the sway  
 To Albion's prowess on the sea;  
 For Graces, France doth yield the palm  
 To none but gorgeous CHELTENHAM.

A. T.

*Randwick Parsonage.*

## SOLUTION 3.

The shining *eel*, with serpent twine,  
 By 3, 6, 4, we may define.  
 When gallant ship with crew so bold,  
 If manned for war or merchant's gold,  
 Yet when their speed receives a check,  
 Frown at the *calm* and pace the deck.  
 2, 3, 6, 4, it will be found,  
 Oft claims acquaintance with the ground,  
 When raised cannot precedence shew,  
 For in the rear the *heel* must go.  
 When 1, 9, 5, a *cat* will shew,  
 By some admired where'er she go,  
 Tho' she step light with velvet paws  
 Yet many smart beneath her claws.  
 To command of ships I ne'er aspire:  
 'Tis plain that each a *helm* require.  
 A *hat* full brimm'd and broad I ween,  
 For any man may prove a screen.  
 Forgive me, I the truth must state,  
 2, 9, 5, 3, produces *hate*.  
 For oats I think a *hen*'s inclin'd.  
 But that which most perplex'd my mind  
 Was-- what is lent must so remain;  
 But as I find we may regain  
 Whate'er we lend; I'll not complain.  
 Of trees which flourish in this realm,  
 None suffer less from fire than *elm*.

And now as expected a town I will name,  
 Fair CHELTENHAM, it is of medicinal fame,  
M. M. H.

## SOLUTION 4.

An *eel* must surely be your fish.  
 A *calm* might meet a landsman's wish,  
 Though sailors it annoy,  
*Heel* of the body is a part  
*Cat* is your quadruped "right smart"  
 And *helm* the sailors joy.

A broad brimmed *hat* your screen I guess  
*Hate* is a feeling few confess  
 And fewer still excuse  
 A *hen* likes oats we must allow  
 Though wheat would suit her best I trow  
 Were she allow'd to choose.

*Lent* is lent forsure  
 An *elm* will long the fire endure  
 Your town I next must tell  
 'Tis CHELTENHAM there is no doubt  
 The whole I think I have made out  
 So bid you, Sir, farewell!

S. H.

SOLUTION 5.

In ship at sea with drooping sails  
 In sight of long sought port,  
 The idle crew in listless mood  
 Watch'd the bright Dolphin's sport.

When lo in sight a conger *eel*  
 Of an enormous size  
 From the *calm* deep rais'd up his head  
 Then glar'd his fearful eyes.

The captain turn'd upon his *heel*  
 It pounc'd upon a *cat*  
 Which wondering sat upon the *helm*  
 And next it seiz'd a *hat*,

Held by a lady as she doz'd  
 She felt the tug-- she scream'd  
 She was awoke by *hateful* sight  
 As pleasingly she dream'd.

A *hen* next caught his searching eye  
 Into the coop he went  
 And next he ate up all fish  
 Which had been stor'd for *lent*

'Twas caught and cag'd in box of *elm*  
 And soon was carried down  
 To CHELTENHAM in British land  
 A present for the town.

And when unto this place you go  
 To find this wonder out  
 In the Museum or elsewhere,  
 I pray you search about.

W. H.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM

MR. EDITOR,-- Since you gratified me last month, by putting my communication to yourself in print, I cannot refrain from seeking the honor of appearing in your second number.

A month has elapsed since I last addressed you; and in that time the face of the country has changed. The young wheat has thriven luxuriantly, and now hides the dark soil upon which it grows. I will revert to the subject I mooted in my last, and going a little deeper into it; will attempt to show how the variations of the winter season, have contributed to the growth of the plant, and furthered the labours of the husbandman, how the frost has lent its aid in changing the stones to bread.

I must here direct your attention to the wants and economy of the vegetable kingdom. Plants as well as animals, require both food and air; their food is supplied from two sources; the atmosphere, and the soil: from the former by means of their leaves, and from the latter by the action of their roots.

Now it is a well known fact that plants will not thrive year after year in the same spot: they gradually sicken, become less and less productive, and finally die. The cause of this decline is-- they have taken up and consumed all the nourishment suited to their constitution, which they can find in that place and are therefore perishing from hunger.



There is, ever, at work a renovating process in the atmosphere; gases abstracted therefrom by vegetables are constantly restored by the animal kingdom; besides, the air is ever changing around a plant, and thereby carries to the leaves their due requirement of atmospheric food. This motion of the air ever bringing to the plant its nourishment explains the fact that vegetables with large leaves, and trees with abundant foliage, being thus enabled to draw so largely upon the atmosphere for their support will continue to flourish much longer upon one particular spot than will plants with narrow blades, (the cereals for instance) which depend upon the soil in which their roots are fixed for by far the greater portion of their food.

There must also be some means of renovation in the soil itself, or when once exhausted it would ever remain unproductive, and be of no further service to man. That there is a renovation going forward experience has fully proved; for land exhausted by corn bearing, to the extent of worthlessness, after the lapse of time has profitably borne corn again.

I know it may be said that the manure of agriculturists is applied to the land for the purpose of renovating and, to a certain extent, I admit its effects; but Mr. Editor, the most economical farmer can only partially restore, from the resources of the farm yard the integral portions which his crops have abstracted from the soil. The grain goes to the miller, and returns no more to the land; yet every bushel of wheat takes away about one pound, (a very close approximation to the truth) of inorganic matter, and thus from thirty to fifty pounds weight per acre, of its constituent particles, are for ever removed from the field in which the crop was produced.

It may here be said, the supply of matter is so great, that this waste is not felt; I answer--The available supply is not found, by experience, to be adequate, generally, to the growth of two consecutive crops of the

same kind. The husbandman has fully proved this; and before his field is again fit for the same cropping he will tell you his land must rest. But rest, Mr. Editor, only gives time for nature's agencies to act in the work of renovation, and of all her agents perhaps none may be more powerful than winter's frost and varying temperature. Almost every rock, and almost every stone and pebble, which once formed portions of a rock, but which are now as fragments, strewn in abundance over our fields contain within them corn-bearing properties, useless however to man until some power has set them free. Frost, by congealing the water which has been absorbed by these stones, separates, loosens, and destroys, the cohesion of their particles; and, by this repeated process, makes even the rock itself permeable to the roots of plants.

One of the beneficent provisions of our Maker for the wants of man so orders it that water in the form of ice shall occupy more space than in its liquid state; hence its rending and separating power. Water percolates a stone, and fills up its minute interstices--it is congealed and, by that change, is made to occupy more space; and in occupying that space, it must, of necessity, force the particles of the stone further apart, and make greater interstices between them. These greater interstices will contain more moisture, upon which the next frost will produce a still greater effect, and as the work proceeds, the intensity of action will increase, till it ends by crumbling the stone to dust. We recognise then, in the frost of winter, a powerful agent in nature's great laboratory, which, by insensible degrees, can achieve great ends, powerful enough to separate large fragments from the rock, subtle enough to insinuate itself into the minutest opening, and so universal in its operation, that its power is applied to every stone. This powerful, subtle, and universal agent, acted last winter on our fields, and although its effects may not be directly visible to our

senses, we are still certain that it acted for our good; and by the disintegration of some portion of the solid masses has added to the bulk of soil.

The effects of the frost, though not directly visible to our senses are made apparent in the growth of the plant. The roots seek for and find nourishment in the newly made soil, as is the case in the *détritus* of distant mountains brought down by the river Nile and left upon its banks: from out of what was so lately stone, and therefore impermeable to the roots, the wheat can now take up flint to strengthen the straw and phosphates to fill the ear with grains. Beautiful as simple is the process; wonderful to our conception, yet easily accomplished by Him, who "doeth all things well;" and who is ever designing for the good of the creatures He has made.

I have not yet exhausted the subject though possibly I may have tired your patience. Perhaps you may hear from me at a future period.

I am Mr. Editor,

yours B. P.

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#### THE ALBUM.

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Our Friends will permit us gratefully to acknowledge their flattering congratulations, on receiving our first number. These were, indeed, beyond our expectations; and, we frankly confess, exceeded our deserts. We are happy to perceive that they take into consideration the great difficulties to be surmounted in our attempts to print, without previous instructions in the art. This fact alone *could* have elicited their pleasing commendations.

To our valuable contributors, we tender our warmest thanks; hoping, at the same time, whilst *Poly-hymnia* exerts her charming influence, in the production of sweet *poetical miscellanea*, the requisition of *prose* contributions will not be entirely forgotten.

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## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,— Perceiving, from your opening address, that subjects of a “serious character” will meet with acceptance in the *Album*, I beg a short indulgence on the grand question of unfulfilled Prophecy.

Your readers are now ready to apostrophize:—“Who is this that ventures into the unfathomable sea of prophecy?” I answer,—Ask not after the *writer* but scan the *writing*: should they, however, be desirous to know *why* he attempts, with the “reed” of revelation and the “line” of faith to measure, this vast, but fruitful, field; I must refer them to Job xxxii, 9--12. Let them peruse these verses, and his reasons will be obvious.

Whilst, Sir, I appreciate the laborious investigations of modern Theologians, in prophetic declarations; still, it is with pain that I witness the, all but, universal tendency to bring down the things of the Spirit to the grasp of carnal minds, (not so does Paul instruct) arising from too contracted an adherence to literal interpretation; and, this latter (to speak in Christian charity) springing from an undue dread of latitudinarian principles. The great lemma from which this school of expositors profess to deduce all their interpretations is given below.\* If we believe that they adhere to this principle in details, we are possessed of no ordinary credulity. Their principle they abandon; hence, our credence they deservedly forfeit. Take, e. g. Ezek. xxxvii. The description here, undoubtedly resembles a carnal resurrection as much as, nay, *more* than, Rev. xx does; yet not even do *literalists* themselves interpret the passage in what they are pleased to call the “common sense” way.

“But,” they interpose, “the cases are not parallel: in Ezekiel, we have no alternative; for the Holy Spirit itself, v. 11, developes the spirituality of the context; whereas in John’s Revelation, no such ex-

\*“The true key of Scripture prophecy is LITERALITY of interpretation, restrained by common sense from running into absurdity, such as attributing passions to inanimate things.” Govett’s “Isaiah Unfulfilled.”

planation is given." To this remonstrance I reply; The passages are essentially similar, with this difference, that in the one it is said; "I will *open your graves*, and *cause you to come up out of your graves*, and bring you into the land of Israel," accompanied with a *spiritual* interpretation by the immediate agency of the Holy Ghost: in the other it is written, "I saw the *souls* (not the *bodies*) of them that were beheaded &c." without any exposition. Of course, we must infer the meaning of the latter, from what inspiration tells us of the former. "*The true key*" is given by the Spirit in Ezekiel; with *it* we must open the Apocalyptic vision; or otherwise take the new *Key* of millenarians. Our choice is easily determined. But do the literalists still argue:- were a spiritual interpretation necessary, it would be given in John as in Ezekiel, but since it is not given, we are not at liberty to depart from the letter of the word. On the same principle, to be consistent, they must argue because Christ interpreted the parable of the "Sower" spiritually, we must understand it so: but, having added no such exposition to his parable of the Prodigal Son, it must be understood as a mere narrative, void of spirituality! Who will believe it? Having now seen that millenarians so far deviate from their great principle of *literality* as to interpret Ezekiel 37th *spiritually*, of a *restoration* not of a *resurrection*; let us attend to the means whereby this restoration will be effected. Verse 4th explains it, "Prophesy upon these bones, &c." and, what does Prophesying mean? Simply preaching of the Word, 1 Cor. xi, 4. So, in vain do millenarians argue that the Jews' return will be accomplished by Christ's personal advent, since revelation tells us it will be by preaching, or by "prophecy."

Your space will not permit me to proceed, though I have not yet done with this chapter.

Mean time, I remain &c.

AMICUS VERITATIS.

## SENTENCES.

To read some parts of the Scriptures requires great faith-- to understand them requires deep experience-- but to enjoy them, we must have the presence of Him concerning whom all Scripture is written.

Every believer finds a path of tribulation and a path of peace-- a way of adversity and a way where no lion is nor ravenous beast is found thereon-- for the redeemed of the Lord walk there. Zech, 3.7,

God searcheth the heart, who knoweth the mind of the Spirit, Rom. viii, 27 the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God! 1. Cor. 2.10. and believers searched the scriptures daily to know whether those things were so. Acts. xvii, 11.

Justification is the act of the Father, who justifieth the elect. Redemption is the work of the Son, who hath redeemed his people--and regeneration is the operation of the Holy Ghost, who quickeneth the dead body of Christ.

In a believer salvation and sanctification go together love to God and to the brethren are inseparable,-- Christ and the Spirit dwell together in him,--faith and love are united,-- righteousness and peace embrace each other,-- mercy and truth meet in him,-- fear and obedience are joined,-- all things for believers are of God,-- all things to believers are in Christ,-- and all things believers enjoy are through the Eternal Spirit.

Unless men are built upon the foundation stone below; they will not be united to the top stone above.

Sir,

Would any of your correspondents be so kind as to inform me what is the reason why the stem of wheat springs upward and the root penetrates downward? An answer will oblige yours,

W. H.

## SABBATH MORNING:

Sabbath day! O joyful rest,  
 To thy people who are blest  
 With thy presence Gracious Lord;  
 Lord, to all thy grace afford:  
 Let me in thy house appear,  
 Contrite sinner, drawing near,  
 Low before thy footstool bow:  
 Lord, to me thy mercy show;  
 Lively let my spirit be,  
 In my services to Thee.  
 Show'r on me thy Heavenly dew;  
 Tokens of thy love renew;  
 O thou welcome day of rest  
 To my weakly troubled breast,  
 Lord, my every thought confine  
 To THYSELF this DAY of THINE!

M. D.

## CHARADE:

Go seek ye my first where the red roses bloom  
 Or where the green sweet brier perfumes the air;  
 But search for me not in the violet's bed  
 For you never; no never will meet with me there:

My second implies elevation-- high place,  
 In Fashions bright circles so heartless and gay,  
 Yet I sometimes am found in a cart-load of coals;  
 Or bound up quite neatly in trusses of hay.

Now what shall I tell you good folks of my whole  
 I yearly grow older and larger I guess,  
 But tho' I am striving to mend my bad ways,  
 That, I grow much better I dare not profess.

My possessions extend to a lordship of land,  
 I've a mill and a street and some houses beside;  
 Where some lords of creation of various grades  
 At ease with their children and spotuses reside:

My habits are quiet, my manners are plain  
 I am seldom disturb'd by a ball or a rout.  
 Enough has been told you my name to disclose  
 Which by half of these hints you will quickly make  
 [out:

W. H.

## ERRATUM.

Page 4, last No. after line 32,

*Read*

*"Or penetrate earth's caverns to explore  
 The fossil, &c."*

# THE ALBUM.

No.3,

JUNE 1848.

## AN EVENING WALK.

*(Continued from our last.)*

He travelled all that day on very little food: for he was provident enough to use economically the few shillings which his school-mates had kindly presented to him, lest he might be reduced to extremity. He slept that night at a village, called Graghgillbeg, eight miles from Waterford; and ten o'clock the next morning found the unmanageable school-boy bound as a sailor to serve in a vessel that was then setting out to the West Indies. A few more hours--his eyes were carried beyond the reach of the verdant hills of Erin. Never until then did he know what it was to be friendless and forsaken; and taking a "long last gaze" at the receding heights of his father land through the light of evening, with all mournfully still around, save the dashing of the waves against the "*Hibernia's*" beak, and the thrilling cadence of a sailor's voice as he sat humming the notes and lines of "The exile of Erin" with the seaman's peculiar emphasis--his emotions overpowered him, and with swelling sympathy his heart was crushed. All his past disobedience flashed upon his mind, he thought of his dear mother weeping after her ill-managed child, and cursing the day he was born, sank back in despair.

But we must now turn to Enniscorthy. On the morning after he had absconded, the cry was raised that George Elmsbury was "run away;" and what



was the dismay of Dr. Darnley, and the distraction of Charles when the fact was established. A despatch was at once sent out to Drumcreeagh, but here the fugitive had not arrived. The frantic grief of Mr. and Mrs. Elmsbury I dare not attempt to describe. Time rolled away, Charles left school, went to Trinity College, obtained honours in every department of study, graduated, and became his father's curate, a solace to his parents, and the admiration of all who knew him.

You might have seen Selina and Maria Elmsbury, accompanied by a lovely maiden, whose name I had occasion to mention before, on many a summer's evening walking along the grassy-capped headlands of Arklow, casting now and again an anxious glance, then resolving itself into a hopeful gaze, upon the distant sheets of some weary mariner's bark, vainly indulging the imaginary picture of its skimming the azure waters towards the spot where they stood, and in some lonely creek disembarking a voluntary exile. But a few minutes longer shewed that those same brilliant eyes which would have told upon a heart of marble, had no attraction for the sea-destined *shallop*; for with disdainful stateliness it sails past, bound for some distant port, leaving them to experience the truth of the lines, that

False hope in the breast, like a noxious sweet,

May give full satisfaction to taste;

Its essence is bitter, and fleeting its force;

It at last leaves its victim a waste.

But, gentlemen, to debar romantic details as much as possible from my narrative, I must omit many facts connected therewith, which my own inclination, your apparent interest in my story, and the listening stillness of the evening almost force me to mention.-- But I will refrain.

At this moment I took the liberty of interposing, "Such facts, in my opinion, are the very marrow of narration: they can easily be distinguished from the wildness of romance."

That is true, he continued, but I assure you, were I to dive into all the scenes of several years, our evening walk would finally resolve itself into a morning walk; and as the screech-owl begins to sound the curfew, I must hasten with the remaining principal events, and wind up the history of Drumcro-nagh Rectory to the present hour.

Seven revolving autumns had strewed this path with leaves since the runagate school-boy had decamped, and no clue to his discovery had ever been obtained, from the lamentable circumstance, that the ship "Hibernia" never returned to Ireland after that voyage to Havanna. His father and mother had long since concluded that he had become a prey to the monsters of the deep, though they assiduously restrained themselves from any direct intimation of their sorrowful belief to their children, as they saw the fatal effect it might produce on the minds of Selina and Maria, too much to be feared from the fact (guess how distressing to their parents, when you consider the *reason* why consent was withheld) that they had each in turn refused their hand in marriage, the elder to Eliza G\* \* 's brother, then a lawyer: the younger to a clergyman of Dublin; having stipulated that in case their brother did not return before ten years after his '*Hegira*,' they would consent to the desirable and indissoluble union. From the sympathy between Eliza and George's sisters, they soon became so completely knit in attachment that time eked out heavily when they were not together. There was, nevertheless, a difference in their yearnings, in their sighs, and in their hopes; for two were sisters, and one was a \*\*\* (too sacred to be mentioned even here?) the peculiarity in the emotions, and affections of whom can only be known by those who can enter into the peculiar situation of each. Thus far they did agree, they loved to talk of George-- alas! unworthy of such

tender reminiscences-- and anticipated some joyful changes in the event of his return.

Sometimes, when walking in this very grove, one might have been heard to say:- "What if he would just now leap over the style, and meet us in the path." Another would then, as if instinctively, fix her eyes on the spot; but instead of catching the object of their scrutiny, they would only perceive a little robin perched on a bough above, absorbed in the innocent admiration of its own tune in solitude: immediately the snowy handkerchief would be applied to her face to hide the sure indices of silent disappointment.

Leaving this alluring spot, which has commanded a more lengthened digression than I intended, we shall cast our thoughts after the way-ward youth who so unwittingly launched himself upon the foaming billows of the ocean of life.

Before he had served three months in the *Hibernia* he might be called a hardened seaman, his conscience was stifled, his intellect clouded, in a word, he exhibited all the character of an abandoned sailor. It is true he thought of *home*, aye, and he thought of Enniscoreilly too; but in connexion with these troubled reflections the everlasting stigma of vagabond stared him in the face, and he would burst out into the most disgraceful anathemas against those very ones whom he in reality loved dearer than his life. Such is human nature when hurried down the stream of its own native depravity, until some external check stems the current of infidelity, and reforms, as it were, the whole frame-work of the immaterial constitution. Such an external check calculated to effect this internal change, the fugitive-- happy for him!-- was destined to experience. Exactly eleven months from the day he first embarked at Waterford, he was shipwrecked off Cape Sampanmargio, on the northern coast of Borneo, when only he and two others of the crew were saved. This Providential interference.

was not recognised by George, but having, in common with his comrades, secured the greater part of the goods, money &c. which were washed on shore, amounting to no inconsiderable sum, they re-embarked on a Dutch vessel, and in her came to Singapore, a commercial city on the Malay peninsula.

It may not be improper to state here, that in a little box of wood which was brought on shore from the wreck, George found, instead of some imaginary treasure, a small Bible with the words "A mother's gift" written on a blank page. The sight of the Book troubled him-- the words *A mother's gift* stung him to the soul, and for a little filled him with the agony of remorse; yet he kept it, for a Higher than his will was there.

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

#### AN ACROSTIC.

Electing love! how rich! how firm! how free!  
Lost are my thoughts when contemplating thee,  
Ere the bright morning stars their song began,  
Circling thy objects in Redemption's plan;  
The great first cause of man's salvation thou;  
In heaven thy streams did first begin to flow,  
Nor endless ages shall those streams control,  
Gathering, embracing, each Elected Soul.

Lost and degraded in their native state,  
Ordain'd to life the Spirit doth create,  
Vessels of mercy, Kings and Priests to God,  
Endless their joys, and heav'n their sure abode.

FINIS.

#### TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM

*(To the Editor of the Album.)*

Sir-- As your pleasing periodical purposes a mixture of the scientific with the ideal, I hope you will not think it presumption, on my part, to trouble you with some remarks on the phenomena of Terrestrial magnetism. The advanced, and advancing state of the arts and sciences shows that man is shaking off the lethargy of prejudice, and hailing in rapture

the joyous dawn of reason; so that, taking a survey over the face of nature, we cannot but perceive that "a highway of thought" has been opened up, which is now beginning to reflect the crystal drops of observation and experience as they fall from the fountain of a rigid demonstration. Nowhere can we see the truth of this assertion more fully realized than in the results which have been derived from a careful and constant attention to the properties of magnetism. By its slender reed, the vast expanse of ocean has been measured; transmarine intercourse established, and now, as a climax to its wonders, by its magical influence, we may converse with our friends throughout the length and breadth of the land.

It may here be proper to state that magnetism and galvanism are in their nature reducible to one great agency, viz. Electricity, though derived from different sources. The magnet (whence magnetism derives its name) was originally a stone, found in Norway, which had the remarkable property of attracting ferrugineous particles, at one part of its surface; and, at another of repelling them. It was afterwards found that this property was communicable; in a superior degree, to Iron itself, when reduced to a proper temperature; and also, that one end of an iron bar, when magnetized; if suspended, had an affinity to seek the North Pole of the earth, and the other, the contrary direction. The reasons of this remarkable tendency in the magnet have never yet been discovered, though diligent and assiduous researches have been made for this purpose.

Dr. Gilbert of Colchester, in the beginning of the 17th century, in a work entitled "*De magnete, magneticisque corporibus, et de magno magnete, tellure, physiologia nova*" shewed that our globe is a large magnet, having northern and southern polarity, in a direction near to its poles. This he proved, by placing a long bar of iron, for some time, in a

position nearly vertical; which, after being thus placed, was found to manifest the properties of an artificial magnetized bar. That the earth has the property of magnetic attraction and repulsion will also appear, if we suspend a steel bar freely from its centre of gravity, and then convert it into a magnet. It no longer remains in a state of equilibrium, but the south pole of the needle inclines, at a considerable angle, to the north pole of the earth, the magnetic force increasing or diminishing in proportion to the distance from the poles. This discovery was made by Norman in the year 1576, which he termed the *dip* of the needle. This dip varies at different periods and places. In the year mentioned, Norman determined it, at London, to be 71 deg. 54 min.; but, since that time, it has gradually decreased; in 1818, it had diminished to 70 d. 34 m. and in 1830, to 69 d. 38 m. On the magnetic Equator the dipping needle becomes horizontal; but, being removed, increases in dip, until it is brought to the magnetic poles, where it is vertical; i. e. if an equally balanced steel needle were magnetized, and carried to the poles, it would lose its equilibrium, and assume a perpendicular position.

Another feature in terrestrial magnetism is what is denominated the *declination* of the needle, or *variation of the compass*, which was the result of an observation made by Columbus in his first voyage to America in 1492. It is found that a magnetic needle does not remain stationary, nor point in a direction coinciding with the meridian of a place on the earth's surface, but always moves from E. to W. and *vice versa*. In the year 1580 it pointed 11 d. 15 m. N. E. and in 1657, due N. its declination then increased yearly in a westerly direction, till 1814, when it assumed its greatest distance W. viz. 24 d. 21 m. 10 s. and, since that period, it has been going E. at a very slow rate. It is now stationary at about 24 d. N. W.

MAGNETICUS.

[We are sorry to be obliged, from want of room, to postpone the remainder until next month.]

[*The following are in order of receipt.*]

SOLUTION OF CHARADE

I've visited the rose bush,  
The bramble and the br'er,  
And in the various parts of each;  
Seen something to admire.  
And then I've pluck'd the flowers;  
And thus the bush have shorn;  
I've found your first in all its force,  
I've felt the pricking THORN.

I've visited the Farm yard,  
And there beheld your second!  
For in the solid ricks of hay  
Full many a TON is reckon'd.  
And tho' the Ton of high degree  
A prouder station claim;  
They must admit the meaner ton  
Is weightier than a name.

I've visited dear THORNTON too,  
And now your whole disclose;  
And much should I enjoy once more  
Its undisturbed repose.  
For greater pleasures far are there  
Than ball or rout bestow,  
Which those who nature's works admire--  
And only those-- can know.

H. E.

HUMAN LIFE

As the dark rolling cloud may have dimm'd the fair morn;  
Which glar'd for a moment divine;  
So our joys we can never indulge, but a THORN  
Must, around their fair tresses, entwine.  
The sensual may deem ev'ry pleasure their own,  
And feast on illusion's false smile;  
But reality shows, with a dignified tone, (TON)  
That life's but a fountain of guile.  
The ball-room and dance, what a giddy delight  
Where the circles of fashion remain!  
But such, my fair THORNTON, thee ne'er can invite  
To afford a fit place for their trau.  
The happy are those who avoid the false show,  
Which levity's balls may unfold;  
And, along the smooth current of time, calmly flow,  
Seeking heaven alone to behold.  
O earth, what a shadow! and all its bright scenes,  
What a speck on the ocean of bliss!  
In a moment they vanish, and void intervenes:--  
What a wavering world is this!

May 6th, 1848.

A. T.

## SOLUTION 3.

The fairest flow'r in nature's field;  
 The loveliest flow'r the gardens yield,  
 Must still, while earth shall yield increase,  
 Have that to wound, as well as please.

To-day our path with flow'rs abound;  
 To-morrow thorns are strew'd around,  
 'Tis thus through life's strait narrow way,  
 That flow'r and THORN alternate stray.

In ev'ry rank, through ev'ry grade,  
 From Court or ton to rustic maid,  
 As well in mountain, glen, and glade,  
 As in the sweetest rural shade.

Should nature paint a spot where nought  
 Exists, but cup with pleasure fraught--  
 Ah where? 'Twould surely fix upon,  
 The beauteous village-- THORNTON.  
 May 6th, 1848. M. S.

## Virtue.

How lovely is the blooming rose,  
 Upon its stem of THORN;  
 And sweet perfume the brier sends,  
 On gales of dewy morn.

So Virtue shines among mankind,  
 'Twill still new charms unfold;  
 And she more precious is by far,  
 Than tons of Afric's gold.

Those who possess this brilliant gem,  
 Are freed from slavish dread;  
 And peaceful rest their pillow smooths,  
 As the gentle violet bed.

Your first and second I have found:  
 No more is to be done;  
 And may the moral, here implied,  
 Adorn the youths of THORNTON.  
 A. S.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

My dear Sir,-- It is almost universally known  
 that the Editor of a Periodical has to make an effort  
 to suit the diversified tastes of his various readers.

You have more than hinted that some of those  
 from whom you expect patronage, would not be dis-  
 pleased at finding in the pages of *the Album*, sub-  
 jects bordering upon gravity. This, dear Sir, is a fea-



ture of some importance in the awful times in which we live. That there should be a few who are not ashamed of avowing themselves admirers of "the things concerning the kingdom of God," would, at any period, be a cause of gratitude to every member of the family of God; but more especially so, at a time, when almost every thing sacred is publicly sneered at, and ridiculed. It is a happy circumstance that both a hatred and an indifference to the things of God, have a limitation assigned them. The reign of sin will have an end. Scoffers will meet with their just recompense. Sinners will be rooted out of the earth. The earth will be renewed by the purifying process of fire, and be made to bring forth in one day, when "Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree." Then shall the creature which groaneth and travaileth in pain until now, "be delivered from the bondage of corruption into the glorious liberty of the children of God." The wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock, and dust shall be the serpent's meat. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain, saith the Lord." The kingdom of our Lord and of his Christ being thus prepared, as the garden of Eden was prepared for Adam and Eve, will be given to the saints of the most High, who are "heirs of God, and joint-heirs with Christ," and they shall possess it for ever and ever. "thy people" (in their resurrection state) shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land" (the new earth) "for ever, the branch of my planting, the work of my hands, that I may be glorified." Our Lord's prayer in John xvii, will then have its fulfilment. "The glory which thou gavest me I have given them; that they may be *one*; even as we are one." Paul the Apostle, Rahab the harlot, the railing thief, and Mary Magdalene, will each receive the penny (with God's image and superscription)

the promised reward, to all who are called to "labour for that meat which endureth unto everlasting life." They will be equally honoured with a crown of righteousness, and will equally shine as the brightness of the firmament in the kingdom of their Father, "for ever and ever." Let us therefore who fear God, and who sigh for the abominations without, and for the deceitfulness within, "Gird up the loins of our mind, be sober, and hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto us at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

I am, dear Mr Editor, yours very faithfully,

T. O.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,-- Though it would not become me to attempt an answer to your learned correspondent, "*Amicus Veritatis*," yet allow me to inquire, whether the manner in which Prophecy *has* been fulfilled, is not the best guide in the study of that which yet remains to be fulfilled? I need not remind you how *literally* accomplished were the prophecies of our blessed Saviour's birth and death, and I am not aware of any intimation that the predictions concerning His glorious reign on "the throne of His Father David" will not be as literally fulfilled. I cannot doubt that Simeon and Anna expected a *literal* accomplishment of prophecy, and therefore were prepared to hail the lowly babe of Bethlehem, as the promised Saviour; and the same course of study will lead us, I believe, to be "looking for that blessed hope and glorious appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ." Yours truly,

AN INQUIRER.

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(To the Editor of the Album.)

Sir,-- As I conceive the question of your correspondent 'W. H.' is asked more for the sake of raising an enquiry in the minds of others, than from any necessity of information to his own, perhaps I

may be permitted, through the medium of your excellent publication, to request the result of his observation on the interesting subject.-- Yours truly,

H. E.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,-- If your philosophic querist "W. H." propounds his curious question for *bona fide* information; permit me to familiarize the process of wheat-vegetation. Nature is never offended at being deeply catechised; though some problems can be solved only by the God of nature. I conceive, however, that the one under consideration is *intended* to elicit some practical observations, without groping in labyrinthine speculations. I shall employ as few technicalities as the subject will admit of, lest I might puzzle, whilst I endeavour to instruct.

The seed of wheat, when sown, contains within it an *embryo*, folded up in a conical form, with a *cotyledon* attached (the *ens germinandi*): for germination, three conditions are more or less requisite; viz. heat, moisture, and oxygen. Heat enables the moisture more easily to decompose the solid matter of the embryo; and oxygen is required for respiration. When the oxygen, which must be supplied from the atmosphere, combines with the carbon in the seed, carbonic acid is formed and given off in respiration. At this stage, there is sugar in the embryo; the seed being in that state most descriptively termed *death* by the Apostle, its constituents being *separated*, as are man's at death. The *radicle* next protrudes, from the extremity of which the root appears, to perform its part in the plant's economy. The cotyledon still swells, until at the side of the embryo comes forth the *plumule*, and thence the stem, to serve its important functions. Then comes the laconic question of "W. H."--"Why does the stem spring upwards? &c."

I have mentioned the conditions necessary for the

primary *development* of the plant: there are others also absolutely indispensable for the *sustenance* thereof; or in other words, there are certain elements essential to the composition of nutritious sap, and hence to the life of the plant; viz. Nitrogen, carbon, oxygen, and hydrogen. These, however, are not absorbed in their simple, elementary state, but in combinations, forming the following articles of vegetable food:-- (carbon and oxygen combined) *carbonic acid*; (hydrogen and nitrogen) *ammonia*; (hydrogen and oxygen) *water*. From *all* of these three, wheat draws its nutriment, to a certain extent from the soil; more especially the last; whilst ammonia and carbonic acid abound in the atmosphere: hence arises the necessity, in the vegetable kingdom, of organs to extract from the atmosphere, and others also to absorb from the earth.\* Nature has here made a noble provision.

Out of the radicle comes the fibrous root, terminating in the soft *spongiole* adapted *only* for earth's black bosom; and, from the *plumule* springs forth the stem with its tubular, vascular, and cellular tissues, fitted for the opener region of light. Take wheat in the first stage of germination, before the stem has arrived at the surface; see how pale and worn out, as it were, in its efforts to obtain the light; but see its first grasp at the light of day, its sickly hue is gone, and, cameleon like, it in a moment is clothed in green! Why is this? Here is the reason. Before it gains the surface, it gives off carbonic acid, one of its chief supports; but when it arrives at the light, the carbonic acid is decomposed, and the oxygen is given off, leaving the carbon entire, which gives it the green colour. Thus, you perceive, the root and the stem come forth from the *foetus* or embryo suited, in their structure, for living healthily, and operating beneficially, in their respective regions, by extracting nutriment therefrom.-- More afterwards, if desired.--

Should it still be asked why they do tend to their

\* See "B. P." last No.

appropriated localities, though they are so constituted in their original structure? I answer, why would a drowning dog tend towards the dry land? allowing for the instinct of the latter; which indeed many learned philosophers would fain claim for vegetables; with whom, however, does not agree, your friend

MATHETES.

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*(A few thoughts expressive of the unsatisfactory nature of passing things.)*

In taking a glance at the fleeting things of time, whether the attention be directed to the contemplation of Honors, Titles, Grandeur, and possessions, or to the pursuit of general amusements, or to the more noble attainment of a knowledge of arts and sciences with polite, general, and classical literature, looking far, and expecting results, not to be realized, till the thought with excitement involuntarily arrests the attention, that all is passing. The active mind which seeks for information, will be in continual pursuit, whether in reading, meditation, conversation, or personal observation, finding that as the mind advances in knowledge so also is the perception of its deficiencies, hence the pursuit continues with increased labour, in order to the cultivation of a calm and correct judgment applicable alike to the formation of opinions, and the regulation of conduct, exercising the powers of intellect with the hope of arriving at a certain climax of knowledge, till at length the conclusion of the wise man enters with alarm and decision that "all is vanity and vexation of spirit."

Barren indeed is that system however wide its range, which rests in mere attainments: the highest state of man, consists in nobler things, in the culture of those principles by which he looks forth to other scenes and other times: among these are thirstings and *desires which nought in earthly science can satisfy*

which soar beyond this sphere of sensible things, and finds no object worthy of pursuit, until, in humble adoration, he is satisfied in the contemplation of God as his portion and his all,

J. H. C.

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THE ALBUM.

We have again to thank our friends and contributors, for the continuance of their favours and attentions. With the prospect of such support being permanent, we have good reason to expect an abundant harvest of fruits from our first attempts at publication. From the nature of some communications, already submitted to our readers, we may naturally look for controversy as the result; to which we have not the slightest objection, confident that it will be conducted in a forbearing and Christian spirit. When controvertible points are presented, we consider it ill-timed forbearance to pass over the subject without examination, whilst the presence of controversy infallibly proves the absence of apathy.

Controversy, in moral and religious opinions, is like a *test* in Chemistry, which will eventually give the *precipitate* of truth, either to one side or the other.

Let us, however, remind our friends, that brevity is desirable, since the protracting of a subject is incompatible with the limits of our pages. Our friends' own good sense, will be their best counsellor in this matter.

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SELECT SENTENCES.

Believers desire to see that all is through Christ, to know that all is in him, and to experience all with him: yea Christ to be all in all.

God gives his people a new heart here, and a new body hereafter. The Spirit changes the heart now; but Christ will change our vile body then.

## CHARACTERS.

Of various colour, shape, and size,  
 My first will meet your wond'ring eyes;  
 Now honour'd by fair Beauty's hand,  
 I move and act at her command,  
 And now in humble guise am found,  
 'Midst dirt and rubbish arrow'd around.  
 The Tradesman, Farmer, Sportsman all,  
 Expect me to obey their call.  
 The Miser, when he tells his pelf,  
 Seeks some assistance from myself.  
 From highest minister of state  
 To meanest beggar at your gate;  
 In one or other shape you'll see,  
 Each does assistance owe to me.

How shall I of my second speak,  
 How tell you where for me to seek?  
 Some search for me in Princely Halls,  
 And some within the humblest vales,  
 Some find me in the miser's gold,  
 And some 'mid daring warriors bold.  
 If there I am-- not there alone:  
 From lowliest cottage to the throne,  
 In greater or in less degree,  
 Some vestige may be found of me.

My whole, unknown to classic fame,  
 Seeks now to hide its humble name  
 Far far remov'd from war's alarms,  
 From din of city, or of arms,  
 In rustic scenes I spend my days,  
 And ask not e'en the poet's praise;  
 If you would find, go see me near  
 Where Bardon raises high in air  
 His giant form which long has stood  
 The shock of tempest and of flood,  
 Or near where Bosworth's bloody plain  
 Tells of her thousand warriors slain!  
 Or Ashby, with its ruin'd pile,  
 Proclaims the end of human toil:  
 Not far from this historic ground,  
 Search for me-- and I shall be found.

S. H.

## Epilogue.

My first and my second so closely are twin'd,  
 That my first would expire from my second disjoin'd;  
 Tho' my second a libertine often is seen,  
 In haunts where my pure first has never yet been.  
 My whole may be seen near the sun about noon,  
 But does not appear by the light of the moon.

# THE ALBUM,

No. 4. JULY 1848.

## AN EVENING WALK.

*(Concluded from our last.)*

The only gift of *his* mother, then in his possession, was the ruinous gangrene, which infallibly proceeds from that inept and false indulgence, and those unseasonable osculations, which had been lavished upon him, and in which too many fathers and mothers are accustomed to indulge, to the irreparable detriment of their offspring. When George thought of these, he looked upon them as the primary cause of all his misfortunes, and, in his eyes, they were utterly despicable. His train of thought was certainly right; but then he should have remembered how his brother acted under a similar consecution of circumstances. He became still more and more unsettled in mind, harassed by adversity, lashed by a conscience now and again awakened from its moral lethargy; sometimes exulting in the plenitude of his casual wealth, at other times disdaining the purse that belonged to another; now scanning the black vista of a gloomy futurity, then brightened with the forced prospect of better days; until, as a climax to his moral degradation, we find him a slave-master in Trinidad, employing the riches, obtained from the unfortunate Hibernia, in the purchase of the descendants of the cursed Ham. A boy of nineteen, (exalted, some might say, but,) wrested, I say, from the arms of humanity, to be a slave-master! A dread lesson to all adventurous youths. It is not to be expected



that in this line of life he had happiness : far from it ; but, what is remarkable, he very rarely thought seriously of ever seeing Ireland again ; though, when he did think of it, he might have been heard to soliloquize thus : “No, this I shall never do ; I may go to the north pole or to the south, but never again shall I see my home-- no, not *my* home ; I am forgotten ! an outcast, wretched, undone ! my mother, do you still live ! have I sent you to an untimely grave ; or have these few years tinged your head with grey ! no comfort-- no sympathy, O that I were in the cold grave ! Ye twinkling stars, witness not my grief-- my father ! and is it so-- life thus is not to live !” But, like as the gleaming sword falls from the nerveless arm of the warrior, wounded by the antagonist he is about to prostrate ; so, just as infidelity and despair were about to exterminate the last spark of humanity with multitudinous breath, they were irrecoverably suppressed by the movings of a Divine impulse. He had still kept the little Bible ; he read it sometimes to pass an hour, having few other books to read ; he came to the history of Joseph ; it affected him tenderly ; he contrasted himself with the innocent bond-slave ; “Happy Joseph !” he would say ; he read still more ; God’s hidden purpose was at work ; in a few months deism was quashed ; in a word, he was humbled in heartfelt-resipiscence. It was now four years since he settled in Cuba. It is remarkable that, for the first time, he began after this to meditate calmly of a return home ; but what was he to do with all his concerns ? He thought at first of the manumission of the slaves *en masse* ; but, having once resolved to return home, he left all his local property under the care of a trustworthy manager, with strict orders to treat the slaves, not as slaves but as servants, and set out for Havanna.

This journey brought to his recollection that morning when, in haughty loneliness, he wended his way to Waterford : but, how changed from the stern,

stubborn schoolboy ! He had since then borne the gnawing gripes of adversity, ploughed the Indian waves, faced the ruthless storms of the southern Atlantic, witnessed the offspring of Cainan writhing under the eternal curse of Jehovah, had been a profligate sailor, and an avaricious slaveholder-- all these brought him to a sense of the vanities of life. He was then almost pennyless, now affluent; then a hardened youth, now an humbled man; then he despised the endearments of home, now he would have given a world for the smile of a friend. All his past life seemed to him like a "midsummer night's dream"; and he, for the time, almost forgot what he was leaving behind, so much was he bewildered with the prospective. Having waited more than a week at Havanna, for a vessel, he embarked for Liverpool, and arrived there on the first of May, exactly two months yesterday. I cannot depict his feelings when coasting along the south of Ireland. Seven years ago he sailed from his country; since that time he never had heard of this endearing spot, and some of his friends might have died ! His anxiety was intense; yet the little book (which he afterwards restored to the original donor) inspired him with fresh trust in the wise counsels of Providence. Two days afterwards he was on Cork harbour; and taking at once the Dublin coach, he came by it as far as Killan, where he alighted, and walked towards Enniscorthy. About half a mile from the town, he met a man well known to him, none other than the servant of counsellor G. He determined to sift him, and if possible get some information concerning his friends. After making many enquiries regarding the town, to which he pretended to be quite a stranger, which were answered by Michael Crannigan after the Wexford fashion; he remarked that he had important business to transact in this part of the country. "Thin" says Mic "if it's law business you're dhriving afther, my

master's interests is the very thing to take by storm; to make free with an ould military saying, begging your honour's pardon ;" and again touching his hat.

"Who is your master, may I ask?"

"Counsellor Grimrobe, long life to him any how."

This was what George wanted, and now for the necessary information.

Mic Crannigan was seemingly one of those who might be the tool of any one, and whose thoughts go no deeper than the palate; but George knew differently; that it would be impossible to hoodwink him by any indirect chain of questions, regarding his friends, so as not to discover himself at the same time. He knew Mic to be a warmhearted fellow, and that the way to elicit most from him, was to make a confident of him at once. He then says to him "Do you not know me?" Mic stopped his talking, looked steadily on the stranger for more than a minute, and then coolly answered, "I'd have seen those eyes of yours before; and but for your darkey face might name you." "Do you remember George Elmsbury that used to give you a whang of tobacco now and again, when along with your master's son?" "Ind that I do; and a bould fellow he was at school, and a cliver kind hearted fellow too; may he rest in peace, Och! Och!--" "No" interrupted George "I am he!" it was almost too much for him, and he trembled with superstitious fear. After a little he says "They'll die with joy when they'd see you intirely." "Are counsellor Grimrobe's family all at home?" "No: Miss Eliza is visiting with your sisters, God bless them all, just now." "Are my friends all well." "As stout I'm thinking as yourself."

This was a stretcher, for Mrs. Elmsbury was in a very precarious state of health, but his mind told him he should say after that manner. George talked with him for a quarter of an hour, then put a sovereign into his hand, telling him to keep all a secret at present, which he knew how to do. He then got a post chaise

and drove to Tinchaly, whence he walked up with throbbing pulse towards Drumcronagh. When he arrived near the avenue leading to his own home, three young ladies came walking slowly along into the highway. He recognised them, and ah! you would have pitied him as he stood and surveyed them in anguish. His knees beat against each other, his breath was almost gone, as they approached him; but being a little more collected as they passed by him; and with firm voice and melancholy he thus appealed to them: "And thus you pass by the unworthy George Elmsbury."

I cannot detail what followed; but at first they seemed as if afraid of his tawny and haggard face.

That night he sat like Æneas and detailed his long adventures. Sweet were the thankofferings before retiring to rest of that pious family. The long prolepsis of the fair ones will be realized in October if affairs take their ordinary course, and Mrs. E. recover from her indisposition, which is now to be hoped from all appearance, George intends returning next spring to Cuba, to settle matters there, when he will amply remunerate the owners of the *Hibernia* for the long use of their property. He has not gotten over his habitual qualms of melancholy, on which account, I pray you forgive whatever has been annoying in the companion of your evening walk! George was our companion!--

My friend and I supped that night at Drumcronagh Rectory with the happy circle, and returned to England bearing this testimony-- when our countrymen slight the Irish as a barbarous race, let them remember *They are not all so.--*

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TERRESTRIAL MAGNETISM.

(To the Editor of the Album.)

(Concluded from our last.)

Besides these deviations, others also have been no-

ticed, occurring at different times of the day and seasons of the year. Great changes have also been observed at the time of the equinoxes, and that of the moon's quatering. Daily irregularities are not unfrequently seen which are called magnetic storms, but these disturbances are most observable when the Aurora Borealis makes its appearance.

In these cases the declination is so great as 5, or 6, deg. Humbolt was the first who noticed the influence of the Aurora Borealis on the polarity of the needle.

The earth being a great magnet, exerts a force on all magnetic needles, at all points of its surface, except on the magnetic equator where the equal and opposite forces meeting preserve the equilibrium. This whole force which the earth exerts on a single needle is called the Total Intensity. The total intensity is a combination of the vertical and horizontal forces, exerted at any place. Goussier a French mathematician, showed that to find the dip and declination, it would be necessary to know the value of the N. and S. components at every part of the earth's surface, and for this purpose took ninety one stations from which he could obtain accurate information ; because having the dip and declination given, the total intensity is easily found by a simple process in the composition of forces.--

Charts have been made, by which to determine the declination and dip at different places ; but in consequence of the fluctuating properties of the magnet have been only of temporary utility. Some important observations have been made respecting the total intensity by Professor Haustein of Christiana in the year 1780. These observations were made by noticing the oscillations of a magnetic cylinder, suspended by a silk thread, in a small box with glass openings, by means of a chronometer. He found that the intensity varies at different periods, hourly, daily, and annually.

From early in the morning, it is on the decrease, until between ten and eleven o'clock, A. M. when it

is at the lowest, from which time it goes on to increase at first slowly, afterwards, more rapidly until four o'clock P. M. in winter, or between six and eight during summer, when it is at the highest. In winter, the intensity is much greater than in summer: the greatest is in the month of January, and least, in that of July.

On the earth, three points of Maximum intensity (points when the intensity is greater than at any others around) have been discovered, two of which are in the Northern hemisphere, and one in the Southern; besides two, of Minimum intensity, which lie near the magnetic equator; one, between Africa and South America, and the other, in the middle of the Pacific Ocean. The magnetic force is transmissible through all bodies however dense. Iron, in its simple state, is magnetic only when in contact with a magnet; when reduced to the temperature of steel and rubbed with a magnet it becomes permanently magnetic; but if heated to the temperature of 1070, deg. of Fahrenheit's scale, it loses it again.

Fearing, Sir, that I am trespassing on the limited space of your journal, and writing on a subject which will afford, perhaps, little interest to the generality of readers, I conclude these remarks, by noticing, that from the changeable nature of magnetism, few have been the results which have followed from an attentive observation; and though centuries have elapsed since its primary property was discovered, the science seems as yet in a state of infancy; so that a wide field of valuable scientific research extends to the vision of the inquisitive mind, whose rude surface has, already, been the source of benefit to man the most important; and, no doubt, shall, at some distant period, when scientific pursuits shall be more highly appreciated, and the clouds of prejudice have fairly passed away, bringing in the greatest amount of service to intelligent beings.--

From the number of experiments which are requisite to be made, in order to obtain a knowledge of the

Science, the study should be one of interest, and may afterwards lay open a store of utility of which the mind of man, could now form as an inadequate an opinion as the laws of the secular variation of magnetism itself.

From observation's æreal heights descend,  
And at induction's altar lowly bend,  
Without fantastic sway ;  
Take fair experience with her golden wand,  
And knowledge shall burst forth upon our land,  
With truth to guide the way.

I am Sir yours &c.

MAGNETICUS.

*Rändwick Parsonage.*

#### AN AEROETIC.

Precious doctrine! full of comfort,  
Rich with blessings from above;  
Everlasting is thine import,  
Deep unsearchable thy love ;  
Ere thy objects they existed,  
Sought their interest in thee,  
Then they were by thee adopted  
Into God's own family.  
Not for merit, nor for beauty,  
Are they made the Sons of God ;  
They are vile, and wash'd they must be  
In their Saviour's cleansing blood.  
O to God be all the praise.  
Now, and through eternal days.

EMMA.

*(To the Editor of the Album.)*

My dear Sir,— I am sure that many of your readers will, with myself, feel obliged to Mathetes ; for the information given us through the medium of the Album. As the writer of the letter bearing that signature kindly intimates a readiness to answer further enquiries, I venture a few words upon the last paragraph of that communication.

A drowning dog even in its last struggle for preserva-

tion, will endeavour to reach the land ;-- but its efforts rest entirely with volition: for as soon as death ensues, the body obeys the law of gravitation, and sinks immediately in the water. Mathetes disagrees, (and very properly I conceive) with philosophers who claim for vegetables such instinctive power, where then, the aptness of the illustration? At all events, it is not a philosophical answer to my question.

So far as my observation goes, the shoots of all grain rise from the seed universally in an upright, or perpendicular direction. They choose not the easiest passage to the light and air, but will pierce a clod of some considerable size rather than slightly diverge from an erect position to avoid it. I have long noticed this fact and reasoning from analogy, have no doubt some universal law or laws ordained their upright course: I perfectly agree with Mathetes, that nature will well bear catechising; and, in the answer to my question, I expect to see one more, added to the many thousand proofs, of our Maker's beneficence and care.

With your permission I would amend the wording of my question, and now ask, what is the general law of nature, which orders, universally the springing upward of the stem? The dying dog whilst possessing only the remains of volition, could yet oppose the operation of one law, against the influence of another; but volition and muscular action, ceasing to resist the law of gravitation, this law must have its full force, and, in consequence, the body sinks:-- Mathetes would deny vegetables volition; they can neither direct their own course, nor use for their purpose, the general natural laws:-- their situation is parallel with a *dead*, not a *dying* dog, (i. e.) not *acting* but *acted upon*.

The law, which orders the rise of myriads of blades of corn, without a single exception, is sought;

by your obedient servant,

W. H.

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## SOLUTIONS OF CHARADES.

## No. 1.

What of the first, its shape or size  
 How shall it court your favouring eyes ;  
 Its gayest features trace ?  
 When beauty's arm a BAG sustains,  
 It then all due attention claims,  
 For elegance, and grace

The second ! where must it be sought ?  
 Where man's best duties have been taught  
 In high or humble life ;  
 WORTH brightly shines in lowly guise  
 Worth seldom for high station sighs,  
 Worth shuns the battle's strife.

The whole ? Yes, humble is thy name,  
 Compared with Ashby's classic fame,  
 Or Bosworth's bloody fight ;  
 Yet thou art high, for all may still  
 View BAGWORTH seated on a hill,  
 From Bardons wooded height.

H. W.

## No. 1.

If lengthened charades are just now in the fashion,  
 Myself I assure you they put in a passion :  
 Though my taste perhaps from all others may wander,  
 And circular, narrowly rudely meander.  
 Your first, dear propounder, and last when united,  
 By some are care-~~sed~~ and by others are slighted ;  
 For BAGWORTH's the sum, though the worn, I declare,  
 Of a bag, sometimes proves a detestable snare.  
 For to pedants and popinays, such is the matter  
 That they can't cease from folly, nor even from chatter.  
 They speak while the bag is expanded quite full,  
 But whene'er 'tis empty become wondrous dull.  
 Your most worthy charade (you'll excuse when I say)  
 Had been worthier still had you stopp'd when half way.

A. T.

## No. 2.

First in due order comes the dawn,  
 And then the rosy hue of morn,  
 And then meridian DAY :  
 Day without LIGHT cannot exist,  
 Night without day can still subsist :  
 Though in a different way.

For when DAYLIGHT no more is seen  
 We revel in the pale moon-beam  
 And hail the Queen of night :  
 But failing this we have recourse  
 To means of artificial source,  
 By which we may have light.

H. E.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,— I beg to acknowledge my obligations to “An Inquirer” for the tacit avowal of coincidence in the purport of my previous remarks ; which went to prove that the true key of Scripture prophecy is *not* “literal-ity of Interpretation.” Interpret Ezek. xxxvii, literally the Holy Spirit is your antagonist : render it *figuratively*; (I omit the term *spiritually*, as ambiguous and indescriptive), literalism crumbles into the chaos of inconsistency. I demand, and reiterate the demand for, an interpretation of the *resurrection* of dry bones, so graphically pourtrayed. Until this passage be opened with the literal “Key” farther argument is unnecessary, being only to slay the slain. Can the word “Prophecy,” by any wresting of scripture, be made synonymous with *Christ’s personal advent*? If not, what does it mean in this chapter? Your Correspondent takes it for granted that *all* the prophecies respecting Christ’s incarnation and death were “literally accomplished.” This I cannot admit : hence there is a begging of the whole question. One exception would particularize the premise, and render the assumption illegitimate in argument. I might produce many, but one will answer my purpose, and accord with your limited space. It is none other than the *first, all important*, and *cheering* prophecy respecting Christ to fallen man ; the *first* in the sacred volume : “It shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel.” Was th’s ever “accomplished *literally* ? ” Was the serpent’s head *literally* bruised by the promised seed ? Was Christ’s heel *literally* bruised by the serpent ? Ah ! Sir small consolation would the *literal* interpretation have afforded Adam and his degraded spouse. But they understood the *figurative* language of the promise, (though by the way there would have been no *absurdity* in Adam’s taking it as a mere literal prophecy) and hence could in faith look down the stream of time, and see Christ *figura-*  
*ly* and *actually* bruising the serpent’s head, when

he cried "It is finished !" then also the serpent in the deadly struggle, *actually*, but *figuratively*, bruising the heel of Christ. After this I hope "An Inquirer" will not assume, as a major premise, that the prophecies respecting Christ's first coming were *literally* fulfilled. The battering-ram of Scripture is too weighty even for literal strong holds. Of course, then, the conclusions drawn from the assumption must fall with the assumption itself. Let those who make such a pet of *literality*, remember, that the *principal* false accusation against our blessed Lord was founded on "common sense" and literal interpretation of prophecy. See John ii, 19. "Destroy this temple and in three days I will build it up." What language could be plainer than this ? Then said the Jews, "Forty and six years was this temple in building, and wilt thou rear it up in three days ?" Ye carnal Jews, Jesus speaks *figuratively* of the temple of his body ! But we cannot wonder at their mistake, their gross interpretation : for they were rigid LITERALISTS. Had many of our present fashionable Divines been there, they would have echoed harmoniously to the Jews. Let them weigh the allegations against our Lord, so prominently brought forward by the Evangelists, springing from this "common sense" or literal rendering, and surely they will not hereafter fondle so much their favourite system. But to proceed, your correspondent thinks we should understand literally that "he shall sit upon the throne of his father David." Query, Is David's throne *literally* in existence ? It does not say "a throne *like* his father David ;" but *the* throne of his father David. Had it been *like* "to the throne of David," then we might understand the prophecy literally : but, as it *is*, literal rendering seems to me untenable : since the throne of David does not exist. Let the unprejudiced draw their own conclusions. Again we read "David my servant shall be king over them." This say literalists *must* be understood literally. Then if it must be so, Christ will never be King over them

for Christ is *appellatively*, but not *literally* David; hence if the passage *must* be rendered literally; David and not Christ will be prince among them; and if it be maintained that *Christ* will verily be a temporal prince among the restored Jews, then the prophecy "David my servant &c." will *not* be literally accomplished. Before I conclude, I would advert to a doctrine involved in "T.O.'s christian reflections. "Thy people" he says (in their resurrection state) "shall be all righteous, they shall inherit the land (the new earth) for ever." Now in this new earth, he contends, "the wolf and the lamb shall feed together, and the lion shall eat straw like the bullock." Ergo, the lion shall eat straw like the bullock &c. *for ever!* This is something new. Where will the lions be during the earth's "renewal" by "fire?" Will they be caught up to the air, or will there be a resurrection of them after it? In conclusion, let it be observed that whilst I level my remarks against strict *literalism*, I do not wish it to be understood that I would explain all prophecy *figuratively*. Give me the great and the pious Dr. Chalmers's rule, "never to depart from literal interpretation except there be *good reason* for so doing."

Trusting, Sir, that all who love the Lord, may come to the unity of faith as well in the non-essential as the essential, I remain as before, Yours faithfully,

AMICUS VERITATIS.

#### ON TASTE AND GENIUS.

What is taste?--The word is of course used metaphorically by analogy to the bodily sense, and is that faculty of the mind which distinguishes and appreciates the beautiful and just in nature and art. To a certain extent it is an endowment, but it is capable of improvement and cultivation.

When kept within proper limits, it opens abundant

sources of rational delight, and can render the poorest commoner of nature more truly rich than the vulgar-souled possessor of vast domains and costly objects of luxury, who wants the mental perception, by which alone they can be relished.

To one man the luminaries in "this most excellent and oe'r hanging firmament," are no more than a row of street-lamps (as Foster, I think, remarks in one of his Essays) to another they are "the poetry of heaven," whilst in a third, they excite emotions still more exalted and far above the region of mere taste, rising into pious rapture, "when I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which Thou hast ordained; What is man, that Thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that Thou visitest him?"

It is a striking proof of the benevolence of the Deity that our noblest and most exquisite pleasures are the cheapest and most accessible. Observe the lovely hues and inexhaustible variety of the clouds, the *curtains* of the same gorgeous canopy; watch the glories of the Sun when he sinks to his ocean bed, or a spectacle yet more glorious (as if to tempt man to rise from slumber to behold it) the preparation which he makes when he is coming forth from the chambers of the East,\* and say if there is any thing in Courts or Cities that would bear a comparison. To seize and preserve a memorial of the beauties of Nature in her various aspects is the province of the man of genius, but it is by no means necessary to belong to the select few to feel their influence and recompense the boon with appropriate emotions.

"The dewy morn, the odorous noon and even

"With sunset and its gorgeous ministers,

"And solemn midnight's tingling silentness,"

are continually enjoyed by thousands who have neither leisure nor ability to communicate their sentiments, except perhaps to a chosen friend or the casual participator in the scene which gives rise to their admiration.

\* Jeremy Taylor.

Mental cultivation is favourable to taste, because it not only elevates the attention from objects which refer only to the animal existence, to those of an intellectual character, but also because it multiplies the associations with which the mind is ever ready to deck out the objects and thus enhances the gratification derived from them. It is perhaps a fault in our great Poet, Milton that his associations are too learned for ordinary readers though doubtless to his own richly stored mind, the suggestions were natural and irresistible. To illustrate, for the benefit of those who may require it. A common observer of a beautiful landscape, would perhaps admire its alternations of light and shade. the various hues of corn-fields and meadows, the richness of the foliage, and so on; but to Milton's mind would be immediately suggested, the Vale of Tempe in Thessaly, or some scene of fairy Romance which had fascinated his youthful imagination. There are likewise *personal* associations which connect themselves with natural as well as artificial objects, but this is by virtue of a general law of our mental constitution and is quite distinct from the faculty of which I am here speaking. Such associations are not confined to our own species. A dog will dread the kettle from which flowed the water which scalded him, and a horse exhibit signs of pleasure when he hears the lid of the corn-bin thrown open. It is not therefore the circumstance of the Poet Burns connecting the scenery of the river Ayr with his parting from "Mary," but the truth and delicacy with which he paints the surrounding objects which evince the man of taste and genius.

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,  
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green:  
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,  
Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene. \*

Having occupied as much space as I consider myself entitled to engross, I shall reserve the further prosecution of my subject for a future opportunity.

W. P.

\* For want of room two verses of this beautiful poem are obliged to be omitted. Ed. of A.

## Sabbath Evening.

Fair tranquil eve, whose fragrant, balmy breath  
 Perfumes the air with living sweetness, hear  
 The meditations of my pensive mind.  
 While o'er thy calm, in nature's wilds, I trace  
 The emblem of a lasting bliss serene.  
 Cessation from all worldly, busy toils  
 Still heightens this bright image, and to me  
 Speaks worlds of bliss, that to pursuits of time  
 A relaxation's given. All things are good,  
 And more than good, to us unworthy men;  
 But this blest gift doth ev'ry other crown.  
 O vile indeed must be the heart that could  
 Not relish such a blessing! Are there who do  
 In careless dissipation pass the day;  
 Or, lull'd in festive luxury, despise  
 Such gracious favours? O my Soul, from these  
 Still keep apart; and from their reckless joys:  
 Most sweetly ruminate on heaven's best love,  
 To me bestowed, to all but graceless them!  
 May such a calm, in vivid colours, paint  
 To my mind's eye, that heavenly, happy rest  
 In store that still remains, for heirs of faith,  
 Where not a break shall rudely then disturb  
 The peaceful grandeur, save the joyous song  
 Of the redeemed, around the throne of God  
 Who stand enrobed in white, with golden harps,  
 Whose chords in sweet symphonious swelling strains  
 Unceasing vibrate, to HIS gracious praise!  
 And now as sable night begins to lower,  
 And clothe the vales in saddening gloom;  
 While in the grove the throstle warbles wild  
 Her parting evening notes, may I in praise  
 To God unite, and bless him for this day  
 Which sounds delightful in my feeble ears  
 The glorious mem'ry of redeeming love!

A. T.

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### ENIGMA.

My 8, 11, 1, and 7, a fowl will make;  
 By 1, 2, 6, 11, the body much will quake.  
 My 1, 4, 10, you know is with you as you read;  
 5, 3, 1, 2, is found in rock but not in mead.  
 My 7, 4, 1, 3, an immoral coward show;  
 My 10, 4, 5, 11, an esculent doth grow.  
 5, 6, and 10, in truth a quadruped describe;  
 4, 3 11, I to the passions' scale ascribe:  
 11, 1, and 3, in your neighbour you can see;  
 But never in yourself, tho' in yourself it be.  
 Eleven letters make my whole as you may scan;  
 And it essential is for sustenance to man.

E.

~~the~~  
~~only~~  
to the ~~fact~~  
factor. ~~the~~  
with which ~~the~~  
jects and ~~the~~  
them. ~~it is~~  
that the ~~subject~~  
ers through ~~the~~  
suggestions ~~the~~  
for the ~~subject~~  
observer of a ~~subject~~  
more its actual ~~subject~~

476.  
former commu-  
which naturally  
the subject.

advantage man  
the ground.

culturist fully un-  
of this agent of  
thereby afford-  
enables a supply of  
means within their  
the full advantage of  
will drain thoroughly to  
er, and more penetra-  
to plough or dig deeply  
possible, to the influ-  
an, little by little, convert  
man's province to labour,

"In the sweat of thy brow  
but whilst it is ours to labour,  
gratefully those means which  
ed to lessen those labours, and to  
sure.

which I must not overlook, is the ef-  
ed by gentle and continued means.

more simple in practice than the ab-  
few degrees of heat from the small  
water which has penetrated a mass of stone?  
be more grand in its results? the rock



is gradually broken to fragments, the fragments into particles, and the particles are reduced to dust!! When we view, Mr. Editor, the workings of our Creator instantaneously displayed, we are struck with wonder : when we read of the earthquake and tornado, we admire the mighty power of God : when we behold the lightning, and hear the thunder we are struck with dread and awe!! But we too much underate, if not entirely overlook, the wonders and the beneficence displayed in His general laws, which are constantly at work for our benefit, and are ever accomplishing some purpose for our good.

Man measures every thing by his own scale, and as we have, at most, but a few brief years of existence, we cannot, in our works, wait a long period for an effect : For this reason, perhaps we do not form so just a conception of this attribute of our Maker, as we might derive from a more attentive consideration of his works.

By more thoughtful observance of nature's laws, and nature's ways, we shall discover that the Great Designer and Contriver of all things is no more limited with respect to time, than he is in regard to immensity in space or diversity in operation. We must always (I admit) fall short in our conceptions of a power, which is exerted (without weariness) through years, and centuries and ages, and knows no limit as to time. But this is no reason, why we should not attempt to trace His designs in the small portion of nature's great laboratory which is open to our view, to behold our Creator's goodness and and to praise Him for the same.

I shall be troubling you with a very long letter unless I restrain myself. Let me then simply observe, that the gentle operations, the results gradually produced, the wearing and changes wrought by time's agents, all bespeak omnipotence and care ; and equally with the more sudden effects of the lightning and storm, show the supremacy of God.

Perhaps it may be said, the person signing himself

B. P. has made many assertions, without troubling himself to give proofs. For evidence of the action of time's agents, changes of temperature and vicissitudes of weather, I point to the soil of our fields, and the abrasion of every stone in the neighbourhood. Compare a mass of Sienite when newly broken with another which has been exposed to atmospheric changes for years : in the first the angles of fractures are sharp and cutting, in the latter they are blunted and worn.

I herewith send you (Mr. Editor) a specimen of Sienite, bearing evidence of the work of another of time's agents, viz. water beneath the surface of the ground. You will find the stone perfectly friable, and may easily crush it into pieces in your hand.

When dug from the ground by one of my labourers, this specimen formed a portion of a very large mass, which broke into fragments, of which the piece sent to you is the largest. An examination of this stone forcibly called to mind the following lines, which though written to pourtray the operations of time upon structures raised by *man* will apply, equally well, to our present subject.

Who raised this wond'rous pile ? I asked with pride,  
And paus'd for a reply-- but none replied,  
Till *Time* pass'd by, who answer'd with a frown  
"I cannot tell-- but *I* will pull it down."

When a cause of wonder or enquiry forces itself upon the mind, a train of reflections may arise, bearing close connection with each other, yet not easily pourtrayed in words. As I thought upon the lines, a magnificent castle arose (in imagination) to my sight, with its battlements and towers of stone on which old time was labouring incessantly with but slight effect ; he picked a little mortar from a joint in one place, inserted the roots of a weed in another : he let a little water into a crevice in another : and so laboured that by slow, and unperceived degrees, the building began to look older, and I had only to anticipate the

continuance of these labours for a few years, to picture the whole a heap of ruins.

It required (Mr. Editor) no great effort of the imagination to go from "the cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces," to "the wide world itself." I saw that in this Sienite, time had picked the mortar from one of its stones, I see that he is everywhere at work, that his labours are constantly producing ruins: palaces and rocks alike moulder at his touch!

Time has begun to scatter grey hairs upon my head, and here a serious reflection rises in my mind. As the natural ground requires the softening and pulverising influence of the frost and varying seasons, so does the stony substance of my heart, want breaking up and fructifying by the operations of the Holy Spirit; ere the seed of the sower can fall upon good ground, to bring forth a hundred fold increase. I could follow these reflections further, but having written at considerable length, I shall now (Mr. Editor) subscribe myself, yours,

B. P.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

My dear Sir,-- It appears from the strictures of "Amicus Veritatis," on some remarks of mine in a former number of the Album, that the only difficulty in the way of his receiving what I there advanced, concerning the new earth and its inhabitants, is *merely* the *state of mind* which prompted Nicodemus to ask our Lord: "How can these things be?"

The faith of an *established* believer staggers not at human impossibilities; knowing that "there is nothing too hard for the Lord." It is not unfrequently the practice of those who have never been brought under the teaching of the Holy Ghost, who have never been humbled under the mighty hand of God, and also of those who are only *babes* in grace, to attempt to bring

down the scriptures to a level with their own *fanciful* and preconceived notions; apparently from no other motive, than that they cannot otherwise comprehend them. The *advanced* christian implicitly rests on the infallible word of God, with the assurance that what is there written shall certainly come to pass; although the things spoken of may be far, yea, very far beyond the grasp of his comprehension.

As your ingenious correspondent has proposed the question: "Where will the Lions be during the earth's renewal by fire"? evidently with a view to instruct, and not to be instructed; he would highly gratify some of your readers, if he would be kind enough to give them the benefit of his own discovery on the subject, and also answer the question: where were the Lions when God, in the beginning, created the heavens and the earth? If their locality then, wherever it might be, or their non-existence, was no impediment to their then-future existence on the present earth; I cannot conceive why their existence on the new earth, must be made to depend upon their locality, or even upon their existence, during the period that the present earth is undergoing "the purifying process of fire."

Another letter from the powerful pen of "Amicus Veritatis" may possibly afford us some additional light on this very interesting subject.

Believe me, dear Sir;

your's very faithfully

T. O.

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### *A few thoughts on Temperance.*

The friends of the people must regret, that the use of spirits, and malt liquor, combined with smoking, has taken such a course that it has now become a question whether they had not better deprive themselves altogether of those articles than by using them, tempt

others to do so also, this argument may be considered too pure for the present state of society, no truths can be too pure, we fail in being satisfied with a lower motive when the highest is commanded to us, those who advocate the denial of spirits and wine must not consider they have done their duty when they no longer use them. If they are masters of agricultural servants, does it become them to tax man's strength in such a fashion as to drive the servant to the use of stimulants, has competition so reduced the labourer's wages that he finds it cheaper to support his strength, during the harvest by stimulants, than by a regular supply of good wholesome food all the year round? how often do we hear it said. I could not do my work without drink and do not the masters themselves prefer to keep back a part of the wages fairly earned every week and give the money to the labourer, in beer, and ale, during the harvest; let these thoughts dwell earnestly in the mind of every farmer, and let him consider if he has nothing to blame himself for: all I contend for is that temperance cannot make that progress it ought unless the Master will alter this state of things. This is not the only way in which the laborer is treated as a child by his employer, but let the English one take a lesson from the Scotch, a bargain is made as between two men a years work for so much money and food, and nothing ought to be allowed to interfere with that arrangement, pages might be written upon the condition of agricultural laborer after all the efforts made by their friends, after all the earnest thoughts delivered to them weekly from the pulpit: what is he a Christian in thought word and deed? I dare not say so, I dare not deny the evidence of my senses, in passing through towns and villages seeing everywhere. Poison shops, open all day, and part of the night, hearing tale after tale of families brought to poverty and ruin and by what agent? *drink*.

---

N.

*To the Editor of The Album.*

Sir,-- Your correspondent "W. H." in the true spirit of Aristotelian accuracy, laments my departure from philosophical niceness. With what success he has tried his hand at the *critique*, in issuing a "new version" of his question, will shortly appear. I would be disposed to cloak the puerile mistakes in his bantling review, were it not that he endeavours to erect a tower of scientific knowledge on the ruins of my unphilosophical illustration.

Speaking of the drowning dog, he gravely informs us, that "its efforts rest entirely *with* volition." Now, Sir, we have heard of the "volitions" of a free agent but never of the volitions of a dog. A volition is an *act* of the *will* invariably dependent on the last dictate of the *understanding*, but he makes it synonymous with "instinctive *power*," an almost unpardonable slip for a philosopher. Creditable authors tell us that "instinct is a natural and *involuntary* impulse to certain actions which animals perform without deliberation, without having any end in view, without knowing why they do it." "W. H." however, disagrees with philosophers, and maintains that dogs have a *will*, capable of putting forth *volitions*, or, (which he thinks is the same) of putting forth "instinctive powers."

This is philosophising, with a witness! Metaphysical disquisition is no plaything for amateur philosophers, or scientific tyros.

He goes on:-- "Mathetres would deny vegetables volition; they can neither direct their own course, nor use for their purpose the general natural laws." If, by "the general natural laws," he means the universal laws of nature, I agree with him: of these your correspondent himself cannot make personal use; but if by the phrase he means the "laws" of the vegetable world, I know not where his proposition rests. Still farther he says:-- "their situation is pallel with a *dead*, not a

*dying* dog." This is a grievous mistake. Linnæus tells us; vegetables "*crescunt et vivunt*," "grow and live;" and yet we are somewhat dictatorially informed that they "are parallel with a *dead* dog." All vegetable physiologists (your correspondent excepted) agree in this, that vegetables have life. What then is life?

An able writer (Percival Lord) on this subject says; "What life *is* we know not; what life *does* we know well. Life *counteracts the laws of gravity &c.*" If then, they live, and if life "counteracts the laws of gravity, what comes of the doctrine that they "are parallel with a *dead* dog," which W. H. with cogence shews does *not* "counteract the laws of gravity." I am sorry to be obliged to criticise thus, but really it is too bad that our catechist should turn round with such unmeaning cavils.

I spare. In reply to the "amended question," I simply avow. "The law which orders the rise of myriads of blades of corn" is *life*, conjoined with a certain peculiarity of organic structure, differing from that of the root or descending axis. Should your correspondent be desirous of farther information, I shall be happy to furnish it as far as I am competent, if more agreeable to his taste, I can recommend some treatises worth the perusal. Meantime I remain with due respect,

Yours truly,

MATHETES.

#### AN ACROSTIC

Drawn by the Father's love I come  
In faith, believing on his Son;  
Vile as I am, in thought, and word, and deed,  
I stand complete in Him; from sin am freed;  
Nor earth, nor hell combined, nor any foe,  
Eternal purposes can overthrow.

C all'd from the darkness of my fall'n state;  
A nd though in death, new life thou did'st create:  
L ord let me live that life alone to thee;  
L ord let me die to live eternally:  
I own no other power but thine to save;  
N o other righteousness but thine I have,  
G lorying in this, I'll sing beyond the grave.

EMMA.

*To the Editor of the Album.*

Sir,-- It has been said by a very wise man, that "he who is first in his own cause seemeth just; but his neighbour cometh and searcheth him."

In your first number of the Album, immediately after your opening address, you presented to your readers an article, headed "Temperance." Being a temperate man myself, and anxious that others should participate in the benefit that I derive from it; I began to peruse the observations with more than an ordinary degree of interest; hoping to gain some useful information on the subject. I was however grieved to find, at the very threshold, "Temperance" confounded with, "Total Abstinence," a mistake which, if persevered in by those who are allied to the cause, would powerfully militate against the system, in the esteem of every intelligent and sober-minded man. A strict adherence to habits of temperance, by no means implies an adherence to total abstinence. It is asked "Are Temperance societies calculated to do good or evil?" This very much depends upon circumstances. I have known some of the Leaders of these Societies induce in many a belief, that total abstinence is the only criterion of a christian. Their doctrine is, that all that take the total abstinence pledge, are children of light, and all who do not take it, are the children of darkness. In such instances by no means rare, they are a positive evil; a fatal and an awful delusion. The arguments deduced from the Sacred writings are far from being satisfactory. The wine which our Saviour made at the Marriage feast, differed from all other wine, inasmuch as it was miraculously produced only from pura aqua. As to whether it was similar to Port, Sherry, or any of the choice sorts with which the writer seems to have been conversant, is beyond what is capable of being proved. It is probably correct that Christ made only *one* kind of wine on this occasion; but is the writer



of the article in question aware, that he countenances the drinking of other wine, than that which he superhumanly furnished at that feast. This I think is plain from the rulers address to the bridegroom : "Every man at the beginning doth set forth good wine and when men have well drunk then that which is worse ; but thou hast kept the good wine until now." This argument is rendered irrefragable by the original. The words "when they wanted wine," would be, if a strictly literal translation, "*wine having fallen short.*" Advocates of the total abstinence system would act wisely, by not meddling with this portion of God's word ; since it unquestionably proves that our Saviour approved of wine drinking, but not to excess. An attempt is made to set Solomon and Paul at variance, by asserting, *without proof*, that the wine which Paul recommended to his son Timothy, differed from the wine spoken of by Solomon, the writer will not gain for himself the credit of being a sound logician. He might perhaps have conferred a favour upon some persons who, for their stomach's sake and their often infirmities, feel it necessary to act upon Paul's advice by using a little wine ; if he had informed them where to meet with such as Paul recommended, which "does not (he argues) give its colour in the cup," as they would be sorry to act in opposition to Solomon, knowing that both Solomon and Paul were inspired penmen. Wine when spoken of in the scriptures, as a liquor, invariably denotes, as far as I am aware, the juice of the grape which when taken immoderately produces intoxication. It was the fruit of the vine that inebriated both Noah and Lot ; and we have every ground of argument on our side, that it was the juice of the grape that both Solomon and Paul spoke of. The meaning of Solomon has clearly been mistaken by restricting the words in the passage quoted, "look not upon," to denote merely to set the eyes upon : whereas the word *look* often signifies, to be intent upon-- to fix the

mind upon. "We look not at the things which are seen ; but at the things which are not seen." Solomon's meaning might be thus expressed : set not your mind upon wine, although it may appear agreeable to the eye on account of its blushing hue, the sparkling colour which it gives in the cup, and because it goes down sweetly, (compare the original with Canticles, vii, 9,) for at the last it will bite as a serpent, and sting like an adder, those who thus follow it. Let it not be thought for a moment from these remarks that I, disapprove of total abstinence. I am a strenuous advocate for persons taking only that which is needful, whether in reference to eating or drinking ; but I very much disapprove of the plan of wresting the words of God from their intended meaning, to prop up a system which is only of man's invention. My having waited in vain for several months for some one better calculated to address you on the subject, is my apology for asking for a space in your Album.

TEMPERATUS.

#### ON CONVERSATION.

I have been led Mr. Editor, to offer a few comments upon the above, in consequence of having felt how much conversation suffers, from the singular disposition of mankind, to appear in every character except their natural one, I am however far from concluding this principle (universal as it is) the only obstruction, other causes, distinct in themselves, yet operating in conjunction with it, have conspired to reduce conversation to the state we lament it in at present. One great cause must arise from our mistaking its end, which ought to be the mutual entertainment and instruction of each other, by a friendly communication of sentiments. It is seriously to be wished this end were preserved, and that every one would contribute with freedom to the general improvement.

On the contrary, we are apt to consider society in no other light than as it gives us an opportunity of displaying to advantage our wit, our eloquence, or any imaginary accomplishments. There is also another defect closely connected, which has proved very pernicious to conversation, I mean the peremptoriness, and warmth, the haughty, and self sufficient manner, that are frequently employed in argument. The tendency of such behaviour cannot fail being evident; as it must considerably prevent the advancement of the truth. It seems strange the success of a milder method of disputation should have no greater influence, especially since the Divine Founder of Christianity has by his own example so eminently recommended the same practice. The errors of mankind were treated by Him with kindness, and He could show an indulgence to the understanding, by introducing to the mind, the truths of the gospel in parables, leaving their particular application to ourselves. Fearing I shall be thought prolix, I will conclude and remain, Mr. Editor yours,

M. D.

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*The Snowberry.*

"There is no hope for Betsy S--" said our servant to me, "the doctor says he can do nothing for her."

"How does she seem to feel about it?" "Oh she is quite cheerful." Do you think she is thinking at all seriously?" "I think not, I have been talking to her but can get nothing from her; will you go and see her Miss? I know you feel, you can do nothing of yourself, but you know too, the Lord can make you useful."

I thought of what use can I be, so young, I hope some pious minister will visit her. The Lord's answer to Jeremiah came to my mind; "Say not I, am a little child I will be with thee." My heart felt much drawn to her, a young person on the brink of eternity, and I feared asleep to the consequences. Entreating my

heavenly Teacher; to enable me to speak a word in season I went. She was staying with an Aunt I found her lying on a sofa in a quiet little room. She had been wishing to see me. I asked Have you any hope of getting well : "No" Do you feel willing to die ? "I shouldn't mind but I'm not fit." We are none of us fit in ourselves I replied we are all guilty sinners, but Jesus died that our sins might be pardoned, He shed His blood for us, and now God looks at the blood of Jesus ; he remembers that His Son has purchased pardon ; and all who believe in Jesus are pardoned and the Spirit fits them for heaven He makes them feel their own unfitness, and then shows them, that the blood of Jesus cleanseth from all sin," and when God looks at the sinners heart and sees it covered all over with the blood of Jesus, He himself sees it holy If then you feel, your own unfitness for heaven, your vileness and sinfulness ; you are just such a one as he came to save. He came to save sinners. Pray to the Spirit to teach you, to believe in Jesus. Satan will do all he can to hinder you from coming to Christ, (This was said at intervals.) I will leave with you a text Jesus said, "Him that cometh unto me I will in no wise cast out," and when Satan comes and tells you you're not fit to go to Jesus tell him that text. Satan is a liar, do not believe him, but Jesus is truth and he will not cast you out. I saw her the next morning she was in bed ; I read to her which she liked very much, and we talked about the sweet verse "I even I am He that blotteth out as a cloud thy transgressions and as a thick cloud thy sins."

She expressed fears that He would not save her.

I told her Jesus had blotted out her sins, and was far more willing to save her, than she could be to be saved, and begged her to use her remaining strength in asking Him to show her that in that verse He was speaking to her. I think it was the next morning when after reading I asked her, how long have you thought seri-

disly about your soul? "Since Mr. G. said, there was no hope of my recovery, I felt directly, I was not fit to die." Had you never thought of religion before? A few tears started into her eyes; and the hectic flush deepened as she said "Oh yes when I lived with my Grandmother at N. I went to a Sunday school and there I had *one* very nice teacher, and what she said made deep impressions on my mind but I went to live at home when I was about ten." (Her parents are very ungodly people.) And there I suppose you forgot all, amid the vanities, trifles, and sins around you? "Yes." And what Mr. G. said made you remember? "Yes." I endeavoured to press on her mind, the sin of having trifled with impressions and forgotten God; told it was not so much what we did, as the state of our mind; towards God which proved us impenitent sinners. She seemed to feel much, but I trembled lest for fear of grieving, I should speak peace out of place; I sought to point her to the Lamb of God; feeling that a sight of Jesus, would at once make sin appear exceeding sinful, and give her strength to bear the sight. I left her with "Behold the Lamb of God &c." As I sat beside her bed, hoping this was a real work of the Spirit in the heart of one for whose soul I had been led to watch; Oh! how important did the work of Sunday school teaching appear; how loudly did it seem to say, "In the morning sow thy seed and in the evening withhold not thine hand, for thou knowest not which shall prosper, whether this or that, or whether both shall be alike good." When I spoke of her sinfulness, she understood what I meant, she had been taught in the Sunday school; the name of Jesus was one made familiar to her in the Sunday school, for there she had sung his praises and been taught to read His word.

*(To be continued.)*

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## SENTENCES.

Every good God has to bestow, He has made over to his people in the covenant of grace! but we cannot understand the full meaning of His "every good," until we come into the closest affinity with it. So on the contrary, we cannot have an entire and accurate knowledge of sin till we cease to have any connexion with it: for sin blinds or obfuscates the spiritual sight into its own nature and effects: so that before we can thoroughly understand and comprehend all its evil, we must be separated from it for ever.

I admire the return of the season of time because it enables me to contrast the variableness of the creature, and all the appendages of humanity, with the eternity and immutability of Elohim Jehovah. Oh! the secret of self-existence! let us bless God that we shall never sound the depths of Deity! will it not be His "glory to conceal this matter" even from his glorified creatures? I bless him with Paul that HE is "Invisible!" in his essence. Unveiled in Jesus, HE is the Church's "dwelling place in all generations:" and I find it blessed to sit down as it were with saints of olden time and and to praise him (with Noah) that "sat at the flood" Ps. xxix, 10. "The Lord sat at the flood" as Judge: taking vengeance after such wonderful long suffering: and sat on mercy's throne preserving Noah. I find it blessed to fall in with Miriam and Moses at the Red sea: and to join with the Angels' song at Christ's birth "glory to God &c." But HE is above all praise.

James iii, 6. The wheel of our nativity is a most remarkable expression, is full of instruction when applied to the natural and moral revolutions of the earth, to the rolling round of year with their events, to the ever-changing circumstances of humanity, and moving all upon the great axis of Jehovah's Will.

VICARIUS.

## Charades.

### 1

Trace the course of that stream from yon sweet murm'ring rill  
And my first you will see, ere it reaches the mill  
Then turn o'er the stile and go up the green walk,  
Where the lads and the lasses so cooily talk;  
You will come to the church with dark ivy o'ergrown,  
And walls deck'd with plants which the rude wind has sown,  
On these time-hallowed walls, and you hollow yew tree,  
Many marks of my second, I fancy you'll see,  
The tombstones around us the virtues proclaim  
Of the man of high birth, and the lowly in name,  
Though widely they differ in this they agree  
Each epitaph ends with some notice of me.

Just look pretty Kitty has run to the door  
For John passed the window a moment before  
Did you hear that loud crash which has made Kitty scream?  
Let us see if the cat was purloining the cream  
The tray with the tea cups the table hung o'er  
And in fragments the china now covers the floor  
Oh! Johnny return and with Kitty carole  
Poor Kitty is weeping! She weeps o'er my whole.

W. H.

### 2

My first may possess both a body and soul,  
My next is material, an essence my whole.  
Constantius was seized by a Turkish Corsair;  
He languish'd in chains, a sad prey to despair.  
Jerome sold his fair lands, and passed over the sea;  
To set his Constantius, from slavery free!  
Behold here my FIRST, by my SECOND convey'd;  
And in this deed heroic; my great WHOLE pourtray'd.

H. W.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The Editor of the Album, begs again, to thank his kind, intelligent correspondents, for their contributions, and to inform them that no communication can be inserted without the real name and address accompanying it which will be held in the strictest confidence.

The Editor is happy to state, the Album advances steadily in numbers, while its pages give great satisfaction to all friends and he hopes by a greater influx of tide of favours, a corresponding flow of circulation will be effected.

# THE ALBUM.

No. 6.      SEPTEMBER 1848.

## TASTE AND GENIUS. (Continued.)

In my preceding remarks I hinted at the distinction between Taste and Genius, representing the former to consist in the perception and appreciation of the beautiful and just, the latter to be the power of preserving and reproducing those perceptions in their choicest, or even in improved forms :—that, consequently, Genius supposes and includes Taste, but not vice versa. It must be distinctly borne in mind that Taste is only conversant with objects in their *ornamental* aspect, the consideration of their utility and adaptation belonging to the departments of Science or Natural Theology.

It is not my intention to enter into a metaphysical disquisition on the nature of beauty, or to decide between opposing theorists, one class of whom have represented it as a quality, in the object, of exciting certain sensations (varying moreover according to the bodily or mental constitution, or habits, of the recipient) the other maintaining it to be a distinct and higher principle, which the forms we behold do but *exhibit* and *express*. These inquiries are important and interesting, but perhaps too abstruse to be here acceptable.

I shall satisfy myself with a mere familiar and practical view of the subject, in the hope of encouraging habits of attention to the beauties so lavishly spread on the face of nature by its beneficent author, as well as to the operations of the divine faculty of intellectual creation, possessed by man alone, of all sublunary



beings,— habits which will not only add interest to scenes before beheld with comparative indifference, but conduce to the gradual improvement of our perceptions and power of retaining them,— till at length, in the words of the Poet of Nature, we may be privileged to receive

“The whole magnificence of heavens and earth,

“And every beauty delicate or bold,

“Obvious or more remote, with liveliest sense

“Diffusive painted on the rapid mind.”

The most elementary exercise of the faculty in question is to notice what is pleasing in any object or prospect, apart from the feeling of utility or fitness.

Take for instance a luxuriant tree. It is in reality a vegetable machine, extracting moisture from the earth by means of its roots, and a more subtle nourishment from the atmosphere through the medium of its leaves, the sap gradually converting itself into the substance of the trunk, till the latter, having attained its proper growth is filled and applied to a thousand useful purposes.

Now it is perfectly conceivable that all this might have been attained, and yet an appearance have been presented to the eye analogous to what we witness in the laboratory of the Chemist or the workshop of the Engineer. Similar observations might be extended throughout nature and preeminently to the paragon of organization the human body ; but a hint will suffice. In the contemplation of individual forms we shall easily select certain common principles, as that Nature delights in curves, and, though abhorring a dull uniformity observes an accurate proportion and exact regularity in her operations. Further attention will reveal the delightful effects produced by the contrasting influences of light and shade and the charming varieties of colours ; and if we advance another step and view objects in their relation to each other, we shall at once be sensible of the exquisite harmony which exists between them. The moon, for instance, is beautiful— yonder

grove of trees is so likewise—the rock and the tower may be so *in themselves*, or the reverse ; but all combine to produce a beautiful effect.

In like manner, we may proceed to *expression* ; but this and the last might perhaps with more propriety be included in one division, under the complex term, harmony of expression. We say for example that certain forms or scenes possess an angry, a peaceful, a severe, or a voluptuous character.

Expression is in fact the very soul of beauty ; and the study and imitation of it constitute the main elements of success both to the Poet, and the Artist.

There is more expression in animated, than in what is called *still* life—in intellectual, than in mere animated—and in moral development, than in either—and this may explain why the characteristic forms, qualities, and sentiments of our own superior nature are so liberally bestowed by the Poet, the Painter, and the Sculptor, on inanimate subjects.

I again pause, though only on the threshold of the subject, hoping to return to it as my own leisure and the Editor's indulgence may permit.

W. P.

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#### SOLUTION OF CHARADE. No. 2.

Thy first when possess'd is a treasure indeed,  
A friend who is constant in seasons of need,  
Whose arm is extended our wants to supply,  
And dry up the tear as it falls from our eye.  
Thy second with joy I discover in motion ;  
A beautiful ship sailing over the ocean.  
Her errand is sacred, she hastens with pride,  
And gallantly struggles against wind and tide.  
Thy whole is an essence of heavenly birth,  
And seldom exists 'mid the flattries of earth,  
'Tis FRIENDSHIP, pure friendship, and when it is found,  
It scatters its blessings profusely around.—  
True friendship embodied in Jesus we see,  
In his labours and sufferings and death on the tree.  
May we all with this friend eternally dwell  
In far brighter regions—dear readers, farewell !

T. B.

Barlstone, Aug. 16th, 1848.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

My dear Sir,—I was sorry to find, in the Album for August a communication written apparently under feelings of considerable irritation, and as it bore the signature of my instructor Mathetes, I almost feared that I had unwittingly given cause for so uncourteous a reply. I cannot Mr Editor discover in mine of July anything which may be construed into an act of offence and I now disclaim all intentions of the same. I beg leave to assure "Mathetes," no *critique* was attempted nor was any success (in this sense) desired by me.

I leave unnoticed all irrelevant assertions and remarks, and pass, directly, to the subject upon which "Mathetes" and myself were, originally, at issue.

He now avows, "the law which orders the rise of myriads of blades of corn *is life conjoined with a certain peculiarity of organic structure, differing from that of the descending root or axis.*" To which avowal I reply (but not dictatorially) that life is the state in which animals and vegetables can perform their several functions ; but is not itself, the performance of any of those functions.

Life is that state in which a dog can swim, but the combined influence of several laws determines both his progress towards and his safe arrival at land.

Life is that state in which vegetables can send out their roots, unfold their leaves and flowers and produce seed but universal laws regulate each and all of these, separate functions and determine the performance of the same.

I humbly conceive Mr. Editor that life is *not* the law which orders the rise of the blade of corn ; but perhaps Mathetes intends me to find the solution to my question in "*The certain peculiarity of organic structure*" of which peculiarity I can say but little, since Mathetes has omitted to describe it. The clue he offers that it *differs from that of the descending root or axis*, avails me nothing, as my ignorance is as great with respect to the descent of the root, as it is to the ascent

of the stem. Mathetes proffers further information on the subject, but I must now withdraw myself from his instruction, lest I be led insensibly to imitate the style of my teacher, which, in my opinion, evinces neither kind feelings nor good taste.

I fear by this time, you must wish that I had carried out the caution recommended in the old proverb, "let sleeping dogs lie still" to the drowning subject of Mathetes.

So with thanks for admitting my question upon which I had hoped to be enlightened by some of your correspondents, I conclude. I am, Mr Editor, yours very respectfully,

W H.

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TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—An anecdote is related of Dr. Adam Clarke, that, having a young Roman Catholic lady intrusted to his care on a journey, in course of conversation the latter took occasion to remark, "We, Catholics, think it much better to believe too much than too little ;"—to which the doctor replied,—“But, in our belief, we should recollect never to yield assent to *what is contradictory in itself*, or to *what contradicts other ascertained truths*.” This observation led the young lady to examinations which God blessed to her conversion.

According to "T. O.", however, she had far more faith than the unhumiliated doctor! I am sure your correspondent has no sympathy at heart with Romanists, how much soever their theoretical *mode* of belief may correspond. Roman Catholics believe in transubstantiation, because Christ said, "This is my body ;" but "the faith of an *established* believer staggers not at human impossibilities: knowing that there is nothing too hard for the Lord." Luther did, in his day, stagger at this "human impossibility :"—But why? "T. O." answers :—Because he "had never been humbled under

the mighty hand of God ;" he was but a "babe in grace !" Did he bring down scripture to a level with his own "*fanciful* notions." His opponents, in those days, who "rested implicitly on the infallible word," verily thought so. Some of us in these days are in the same predicament with Luther—we take some heed *how* we believe, and because we are not *ultra*-millenarians, we must be consigned, in tender and pious charity, by "*established* believers—*advanced* christians," like a wholesale sop, to the prince of darkness, as children of disobedience, still unconverted, as having denied the faith and worse than infidels ! Or at most he will allow we might be "*babes* in grace." And what does Jesus say of these ? "I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto BABES." Gracious privilege, then, to be among the babes. But woe, says "T. O.", to all you so-called servants of Jesus, who deny that lions will enjoy the glories of eternity ; ye "have never been humbled under the mighty hand of God !" The judgment may seem harsh, but we must submit to established believers and advanced christians.

There is a certain random assent given by some (following the R. C. lady's rule) to every thing presented to the mind, even to the lean creations of imagination, springing from a disease of the mind, termed *credulity*, which is apt to be confounded with *faith*.

I should be very sorry, indeed, were he to attribute this unenviable facility of credit to "established believers ;" for Tacitus with wisdom says, "Fingunt simul creduntque." Yet a few such letters as his last would make me 'stagger' at his theological correctness in this particular.—

Your correspondent writes of "*fanciful* notions." Now I would fain know to what faculty of creative genius he ascribes the idea of the "earth's renewal by fire." It certainly is not taught in scripture. I defy

him to produce one single passage where it says the earth "will undergo the purifying process of fire." To the law and to the testimony I would invite him. He answers my query regarding the lions by asking another ;— "Where were they when God created the heavens and the earth?" This question is suicidal and destroys his theory: for where was this earth before it was created? Nowhere. Then, if a substantially and strictly *new* race of lions *will* be created, will he not freely admit that a substantially and strictly *new* earth *may* also be made? If God annihilate these organic creatures, *may* he not also annihilate inorganic creation? Observe, I do not contend for either; but, if "T. O." maintain the one, for consistency's sake, and by parity of reasoning, *might* he not grant the other; which I am inclined to anticipate he will not do. But let us apply the faithful touchstone to this strange tenet. Isa. xi. 8, "The lion shall eat straw like the ox, and the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp." We are informed on high authority that "in the resurrection they neither marry nor are given in marriage:" and yet the "*sucking* child" and the "*weaned* child" are spoken of here, which seems to indicate that the dates cannot synchronise. The doctrine, *in toto*, is so superlatively speculative—not to say absurd—as to demand no farther notice.

As "T. O." (considering his wonted charity) cannot expect a longer letter from a "powerful pen," wielded by the tiny hand of a *babe*, I will now conclude, hoping that those "masters of Israel" who, like Nicodemus, are bewildered at spiritual interpretations, and those who are yet babes in grace, may all be brought (together with Paul) to rest assured in this; "that if our EARTHLY house of this tabernacle were DISSOLVED, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, ETERNAL in the HEAVENS."

I remain, dear Sir, yours truly,

AMICUS VERITATIS.

## TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,—I think controversy is generally so *unprofitable* that I resisted the inclination I felt, to reply to the remarks of your correspondent "Amicus Veritatis" in the July number of *the Album*, and should not have troubled you further on the subject, had the question been likely to drop—when reading the observations of "A. V.", I was reminded of the lines written by the late Rev. J. Owen, on an unsuccessful attempt to reconcile two learned controversialists at Cambridge, as they had a most happy effect on the parties to whom they were addressed.

I transcribe the lines as I remember them from the lips of the venerated author,

Yours truly,

AN INQUIRER.

"How rare that task a prosperous issue finds,  
Which seeks to reconcile divided minds—  
A thousand scruples rise at passion's touch  
*This* yields too little *that* expects too much ;  
Each wishes each, with other eyes to see,  
And many sinners can't make two agree.  
What mediation then the Saviour shewed,  
Who reconciled them each to God !—"

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**Summer.**

It is written in the sacred page, that, when the earth rose fair and green again from out the waters of the flood, the Lord said in his heart, While the earth remaineth, summer and winter, seed-time and harvest, day and night, shall not cease. In the revolution of the seasons, and in the alternate succession of light and darkness we see the faithfulness of God in fulfilling his promise. The Lord in his goodness has rendered the changes of the whole revolving year, subservient, not only to the benefit, but also to the happiness

of man. Every thing is beautiful in its season, and every season has its own attractions. Even winter, stern and barren, with his denuded branches and wide spread dreariness, possesses advantages peculiar to himself, besides preparing us for the enjoyment of opening spring or returning summer.

The spring season, at first dreary from the lingering vestiges of winter; but afterwards cheering the hopes of the husbandman, has now given place to an auspicious summer, the cold east winds are now sunk to rest, and warmth and sunshine, gentle showers and distilling dews have produced more than ordinarily abundant vegetation. The earth, which during the winter months was shrouded in gloom; is once more robed in her emerald mantle, and all nature has assumed a new and more lovely aspect. What an interesting scene does the landscape now present, bright with the light of sunny skies! There we behold fields covered with waving corn, pastures clothed with flocks, trees green with all the luxury of leaves; flowers blooming in almost endless variety, birds of varied note, each with its song of mirth, now rejoicing in the glories of triumphant summer. Well may we praise our Heavenly Father, in the language of the Psalmist:—

“So Thou the year most liberally; dost with thy goodness crown;  
And all thy paths abundantly, on us drop fatness down.”

In summer, the scenery of mountain and moor, of lake and sea, is unusually interesting. These objects, amid the gloom of winter, have nothing to excite any pleasurable emotion; but when summer once shines upon the world, what object more interesting than the *sun-lit* mountain, raising his summit to the sky, large and bold, and surrounded by fertile valleys, with all the varied forms of woodland beauty. Nor is the interest diminished by the extensive moor spreading far in the distance, and skirting the blue horizon. The magnificence of the scene receives fresh additions from the placid lake, reflecting in its limpid waters the



foliage which crowns its banks, and cooling the sultry air which plays on its glassy surface. "Wood and water," in a thousand real or imaginary relations, enter largely into those scenes which we have been led to regard as most attractive, and with which we have the greatest number of pleasing associations. The bold headland with its rocky precipices, surmounting the aged oak or waving pine, is perhaps sublime in itself; but more than half the deep emotion of the beholder is derived from the "rolling billow" which washes its foundations. Inanimate nature itself seems to *live* in the radiance of summer sunshine.

"The dead creation from his touch,  
Assumes a mimic life. By him refined,  
In brighter mazes the reluctant stream  
Plays o'er the mead. The precipice abrupt;  
Projecting horror on the blacken'd flood,  
Softens at his return. The desert joys  
Wildly through all his melancholy bounds.  
Rude ruin glitters; and the briny deep,  
Seen from some promontory's top,  
Far to the blue horizon's utmost verge  
Restless, reflects a floating gleam."

In summer, nature teems with animal existence. How many forms of life start into activity and enjoyment—how many beings feast at the free table which God has furnished! At this season we behold a beautiful illustration of the words of the Psalmist:—"Thou openest thy hand, and satisfiest the desire of every living thing." Does all nature now rejoice and praise Him, who rules over the glories of the year? And shall we allow our minds to dwell on the gorgeous beauty of summer's dress, the luxuriance of her fruits, and the delicate pencilling of her flowers, without directing one solitary aspiration of gratitude to the God of summer? Surely not—nay rather, let us with grateful hearts ever remember the bountiful Giver of all good, and while we survey nature in all her beauty and richness, let us recognize the Lord of nature in all his works, and glorify Him, who has thus given us all these things richly to enjoy.

Need we point to the calm summer evening as a season of delightful and profitable meditation. The Christian, at such a season, when he looks to earth, or air, or sea—to the setting or gathering shades of night, will learn many useful lessons, whilst he contemplates the works of his Father in heaven. He may, perhaps, be led to reflect on the summers that are gone, and the friends that are gone with them; and, pensive and sad, he may “love to embalm their memory with tears:” but the sun, that sets in gloom to-night, shall rise in glory to-morrow; so believers who have gone down to the darkness of the tomb, shall awake to everlasting light and life. Can the christian entertain this hope of his departed friends? Then all is well. But he is also stimulated to duty for himself, that he may not be associated at last with those who utter the distressing complaint:—“The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved!”

This is now the summer season, and it is the summer of life. Winter is coming—old age is approaching—death is perhaps not far distant—has provision been made for its arrival?

“But summer will return in all her beauty dressed,  
Nature shall rejoice again, and be by man caressed;  
But ah! life's summer past away,  
Can never, never hope return,  
Cold winter comes with cheerless ray  
To beam upon the dreary urn.  
Then may I daily seek a mansion in the skies,  
Where summers never cease, and glory never dies!”

CEPHAS.

My dear Sir,——In my last letter to you, to which you kindly gave insertion in your June number of the *Album*, I merely directed your attention to several doctrines of the word of God, the knowledge and understanding of which, are a source of consolation to the *established* believer, in his present state of existence. I refer to the resurrection of the body—the future inheritance of the saints—and the oneness, or perfect equality

of the people of God in their resurrection state. I shall now, with your permission, treat on each of these subjects in a separate letter, beginning with that which more immediately concerns us—the *resurrection*.

It is a fact which will not be disputed, that, in the present life, there is often not only no difference made between the righteous and the wicked, as to outward circumstances, but that prosperity is frequently the lot of the wicked, while adversity is the appointed portion of the righteous. Many of the promises, therefore, which God has given in his holy word, of happiness to them who fear Him, have not their fulfilment in the life that now is, but are reserved for their enjoyment at “the *glorious* appearing of the great God and our Saviour Jesus Christ.” Hence it is that believers, in every age of the Church, have had their attention directed to the second coming of the Son of God as an event by which their blessedness would be consummated, and by which death, with all its concomitant circumstances, would for ever be abolished. “I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the latter day upon the earth : and though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my *flesh* shall I see God ; whom I shall see for myself, and mine eyes shall behold and not another ; though my reins be consumed within me.” Job xix, 25—27. Although Job evidently alludes to *the* resurrection, yet he makes no mention of it, beyond what concerns himself and his Redeemer. A further development of this part of the divine will was reserved for a future period. Isaiah was fixed upon to make known to the Church the resurrection of all the people of God. “Thy dead men shall live, together with my dead body shall they arise, Awake and sing, ye that dwell in dust : for thy dew is as the dew of herbs, and the earth shall cast out the dead.” Isa. xxvi, 19. The wicked or the rest of the dead are here omitted. Daniel makes the communication concerning *them*, and also confirms Isaiah’s tes-

timony concerning the elect: "Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt." Daniel xii, 2. The resurrection both of the just and of the unjust is here plainly asserted, and also a probability is afforded of the order in which the two parties will come forth; the precedence being given to them who shall awake to everlasting life. The same order is observed by our Lord, connected with the fact of a distinct resurrection of each party; both resurrections being accomplished by the voice of the Son of God. "The hour is coming in the which all that are in the graves shall hear his voice, and shall come forth; they that have done good unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil unto the resurrection of damnation." John v, 28, 29. We cannot conclude from this passage, as to whether the resurrection of the wicked will *immediately* succeed that of the righteous, or that a space of time will *intervene* between them. This, however, we are able to ascertain from other portions of the Bible. The separate mention of the resurrection of the just, (see Luke xiv, 14.) while it establishes the doctrine of its being a distinct resurrection from that of the wicked, affords a probability that a space of time *will* intervene between them. Isaiah alludes to this period and says it will be *many days*. "They" (the wicked who shall be destroyed at the dissolution of the earth, which, with the resurrection of the just, will take place at Christ's coming, see 2 Pet. iii. 1 Thes. iv.) "shall be gathered together, as prisoners are gathered in the pit, and shall be shut up in prison, and *after many days* shall they be visited." Isa. xxiv, 22. Paul calls the time of this visitation the end, which is to come after the resurrection of them that are Christ's. "In Christ shall all be made alive. But every man in his own order (or *band*): Christ the firstfruits; afterward they that are Christ's at his coming: then (or afterward, see Greek) cometh the end."

1 Cor. xv, 22—24. It is evident from this quotation that the people of God will rise again at Christ's coming, that the *end*, when the wicked shall be gathered like tares to be burnt, (Mat. xiii, 40—42.) will not be until *afterward*, and it authorises us to expect, that as a long period *has* elapsed between the resurrection of Christ and of them that are Christ's; so a long period *may* elapse between the resurrection of them that are Christ's and the end when the wicked will receive their final doom. There is, therefore, nothing in any of the passages that we have examined, which would prevent us from receiving the testimony of John, on the same subject, in a *plain* and *literal* sense, while there is much to encourage us to do so. "I saw thrones, and they (the followers of Christ—the saints, Mat. xix, 28. 1 Cor. vi, 2.) sat upon them, and judgment was given unto them, and I saw the souls (a part put for the whole, as is common in scripture,—'Man became a living *soul*'—'Let every *soul* be subject unto the higher powers') of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands (the martyrs are here particularly noticed, in the same manner as the poor woman who anointed our Lord with the ointment is particularly noticed in the Gospel, and as Peter after the resurrection; Go and tell his disciples and Peter) and they (who sat upon the thrones, to whom judgment was given, and among whom were those who were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God) lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection, on such the second death hath no power, but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years." Rev. xx, 4—6. "Be patient, therefore,

brethren unto the coming of the Lord." James v. 7, 8.  
 "Wherefore comfort one another with these words."

Yours very faithfully,

T. O.

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### SENTENCES.

A Believer waits at the throne of grace for God—he waits at the ordinances or at the doors of wisdom for the Lord Jesus Christ and he waits in the word for the Holy Spirit. Ps. xxvii. 14.

Divine goodness leads us to repentance, divine mercy follows us all our days, divine grace teaches us, divine love constrains us—divine truth frees us—divine power keeps us, and divine peace rules in us.

When John saw the Lord in Patmos Rev. i, it was a sight of him now a suffering saviour in the midst of his suffering church—but when the church speaks of her Lord in Song v, it is of him in glory: do read over the different descriptions of the same divine person by Solomon and John, and contrast the furnace, sword, and flame of the one, with the gold, flowers, ivory, and sapphires of the other. 1 John iii. 2.

The Father's love, the Son's work, and the Spirit's power, are the munitions of rocks to the believing soul.

What is man's life but incessant sin, both outward and inward! Prov. xx. 9.

Real faith is satisfied with nothing but what comes from God; which goes to the Lord Jesus Christ; and which is the operation of the Holy Ghost.

When our Lord came first, he came to put away sin; but when he comes the second time, he will come to put away sinners. Mat. xiii. 41.

When believers reach eternal glory, or attain to the resurrection of the dead, like our Lord Jesus Christ; if any should set before them their former trials, poverty, and sufferings, they would say as our Lord did, what things? for they shall forget their poverty, and remember their misery no more. Job xi. 16. Luke xxiv. 19.

A barren bough mounts upwards, but a fruitful branch bends downwards—many will exalt themselves but he that humbleth himself shall be exalted—there are three seasons, prayer, preaching, and reading, in which God seeks among the trees. Luke xiii, 8.

Life is like a circle forming—to close us in for ever!

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### Thoughts of Home.

Necessity commands—refusal none  
 Can be receiv'd—its mandate calm, yet stern,  
 Must be obeyed. And so that *home* is left:  
 But not without those warring conflicts keen,  
 Which mock the strongest soul's attempts to quell.  
 That curling smoke which seems to brave the sky,  
 Despising gravitation's steady grasp,  
 ('Tho' this it does not) is the last index now,  
 Which tells my sense that home is there, that there  
 Full bosoms heave in concert with my own;  
 That there is all that holds frail nature's knot,  
 On which my earthly weal or woe depends.—  
 Who is there that has felt an itching wish,  
 In foreign climes to roam, in quest of joys,  
 Or fortune's morbid form, or honors vain?  
 Ah! home you know not—go to other lands,  
 And eat the husks of friendless wandering;  
 Return and say:—I knew not what was home.  
 Or is there who has found a life of ease  
 Upon his natal spot, nor felt the call  
 Of mad ambition; but to home inured,  
 Tho' ravished not in youth with all its charms,  
 Its latent cheers of harmless merriment;  
 In manhood to its lures insensate still?  
 You must forsake those never varying scenes  
 Of pleasures ill-esteemed, before you can,  
 From sure experience, answer:—What is home?  
 Like as the mellow light from yonder sun,  
 The live long day, by torpent man is scorn'd,  
 And treated idly as a thing of nought.  
 Lo! darkness comes, and sullen thankless man  
 Is taught that light is life, and nought beside.  
 'Tis the hollow groan from that damp, darken'd cell,  
 From 'mid the clank'g chains and grating iron,  
 That, with the arrowed voice of human woe,  
 Now brings to mortal ken the tread of liberty.  
 Thus then is home—and thus well known our home  
 Shall be, when, from the darkness bleak  
 Of carnal blindness—dungeon deep and foul  
 Of this clay tenement, our souls shall veer  
 To heaven our happy home of Light and Liberty.

S.

# THE ALBUM.

No. 7. OCTOBER 1848.

TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—Amid the various subjects that have appeared in your monthly miscellany—allow me to say that, however instructing they may have been to a large proportion of your readers, there are a few, I trust, that will not object to the more grave and sober statements that may appear in unison with the testimony of the word; I therefore have ventured for your approval a few remarks connected with what constitutes a new creature in Christ Jesus—and the reply immediately presents itself to the renewed mind—life in Christ.—

If the implanting a new nature in the old one constituted what is implied by being a new creature in Christ, as some have affirmed and many believe, then it would appear that the new nature so implanted is powerless or weaker than the old, as we cannot do the things that we would, but are obliged to confess that we are altogether helpless, and that nothing less than the power of God displayed on our behalf by communication can enable us to do any thing to the praise and glory of God—consequently as all creatures are dependant upon the Lord for communications, and only as they stand new creatures in Christ can they receive communications, so it would also appear from scripture, all that is received is by faith, which standeth not in the wisdom of men, but in the power of God: and as faith stands in the power of God, and the new creature in Christ, they cannot scripturally be said to



be in us, although we may be the subjects of faith and new creatures in Christ. It is a sweet mercy to have all our blessedness in Christ, not in ourselves : for in me, that is in my flesh there dwelleth no good thing—yet there are portions of God's word which speak of the church being in Christ and Christ in the Church; such as, if any man be in Christ he is a new creature Christ in you the hope of glory ; he that abideth in me, and I in him, the same bringeth forth much fruit: these have a special reference to our being in Christ and Christ being in us, in oneness of nature, life and spirit ; and I think the Apostle entered sweetly into the blessedness of the same by dear experience when he knew not whether he was in the body or out of the body.

So again, Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ who hath blessed us with all spiritual blessings in heavenly places in Christ, and hath raised us up together, and made us sit together in heavenly places in Christ Jesus. If we were to speak of the locality of our bodies, we should say that they are in earthly places, but our blessings are in heavenly places in Christ. Surely such testimonies plainly set forth the standing and position of the Church of God; and in the reception of the same, we know somewhat of their blessedness; but in attempting to speculate upon them, are lost in confusion.—To me it appears worse than fruitless to endeavour by excellency of speech to make plain to the understanding, that which is mysterious in itself, for if comprehended by human wisdom then it must necessarily cease to be any longer a mystery—the Apostle says we speak the wisdom of God in a mystery, even the hidden wisdom which God ordained before the world unto our glory: and having received the spirit which is of God, that we might know the things that are freely given to us of God, comparing spiritual things with spiritual; and as it is impossible for the natural man to comprehend that which is spiritual, so it is equally impossible for the

spiritually minded man, to explain that which is mysterious; therefore, it is better to be fools for Christ's sake, and in every thing to give thanks, for this is the will of God in Christ Jesus concerning you, and to rejoice that all are yours, and ye are Christ's, and Christ is God's.

J. H. C.

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## TEMPERANCE.

In the commencement of our previous article on this subject, we signified our purpose of advocating its claims on the broad basis of general utility, by asking the question:—Are Temperance societies calculated to do good or evil? We then endeavoured to prove that Scripture does not nullify the principles of total abstinence by adverse precepts, or stultify its practice by hostile example; as, before venturing to expect that any system, however secular in its nature and import, will work well as a system, we consider it necessary to prove, that, if not directly countenanced, it at least is not by express declaration rejected, in the Word of Truth. If this cannot be done, all efforts founded on such a system must eventually be wofully frustrated.—“Temperatus,” perhaps with apparent justice, complains of Temperance being confounded with Total Abstinence. We freely admit that Temperance does not imply total abstinence in its broad signification; but we do assert that temperance implies a total abstinence from certain drinks; or inversely, that a total abstinence from these drinks does, in this particular, imply temperance; for which reason, we may legitimately designate Total Abstinence societies, helps to promote “Temperance.” Not to be misunderstood, we may here state, that we understand total abstinence to mean a *refraining* from all intoxicating drinks, the juice of the grape only excepted; though we hope to be able to show that even total restraint from wine itself is approved in Scripture, if voluntarily

undertaken. The former we consider imperative upon all men as a social and moral duty, being in no-wise opposed in the Word.

"Temperatus" gets rid of our starting question by a very subtle evasion. He says there are "instances in which they are a positive evil." Now, we required a candid answer as to their tendency *upon the whole*, and he fills our mouth with certain "instances." This seems very like grappling with sophisms. Were we to ask whether Church-going is calculated to do good or evil ; might we not be answered that in millions of "instances they are a positive evil ;" because some of the heads of Christian churches teach that all who are within their pale are children of light, all others children of darkness. Thus you might strike at the root of all institutions human and divine. The answer is completely irrelevant to the purpose intended to be gained.

"Who hath woe ? who hath sorrow ? &c." saith Solomon. A greater than Solomon answers : "They that tarry long at the wine ; they that go to seek *mixed wine*." Prov. xxiii. 29. There are indubitably two kinds of wine mentioned here, with how great soever discursive tact Temperatus may huddle them into grape-juice ; one of which may indeed be partaken of ; but even at it there must be no tarrying : the other we may not even "go to seek." The first is *wine*, possibly such as intoxicated Noah ; the second is *mixed wine* (Heb. *Mimsac*), nowhere recommended in Scripture, so far as we are aware, a match for our modern *mixtures*.

Our correspondent is quite mistaken when he says, "An attempt is made to set Solomon and Paul at variance." We endeavoured to reconcile their apparently conflicting precepts by shewing that the subjects spoken of were essentially different. Even admitting them to be the same, the occasions are distinct. The one prohibits as a useless *beverage* ; the other prescribes as a useful *medicine* : there is no parallel. We are sorry to find sophistical insinuations in a sentence

where "sound logic" should pre-eminently be displayed. We lament not being able to supply our correspondent with a few bottles of good *unmixed* wine, as no doubt it would be of incalculable benefit to his stomach, deranged, as it may be, with the 'sparkling' *mixtures*. He, it seems, is beginning to be convinced (from his stomach's experience) that he has either gone to the wrong shop, or that Paul was a bad physician.

His paraphrase on the command, "Look not upon," tells too much, and so tells nothing. We perfectly agree with him that the phrase may signify intention of mind, when used positively; but when used negatively, he forgets that it implies total aversion of mind. "Look not upon"—that is, disregard it—reject it—let not the slightest desire be towards it. See Mat. v. 28. If then the heart's desire be evil, how much more evil must it be to gratify that desire. But does any one say, that a man may drink *wine*, and yet not "look upon" it so as to desire it; that he may act contrary to the intention of his mind, and thus obey the inspired counsel? Were this possible (which we do not admit) then you might justify unwilling Pilate. This same kind of wine is spoken of in Psa. lxxv. 8. Isa. v. 22. Again in Isa. xix. 14., followed by this significant phrase, "as a drunken man staggereth in his vomit." Will we again be told that all wines are nothing else than grape-juice? We hope otherwise.

Our opponent labours hard to prove that Christ approved of wine-drinking! Who denies it? He might as well have demonstrated that there was no argument in his letter, a fact equally notorious. But we did, and do now, deny that Christ approved of drinking *mixed wine*. We demand proof that he did.

"Temperatus," repudiates the idea of going to the Word of God, (we have already stated our reasons for so doing, merely on the *defensive*) to "prop up a system which is only of man's invention." It is a pity that a writer, so profound in erudition, should affect

such ignorance of Bible facts. Who invented the system in Old Testament times? Who commanded Manoah's wife to be a total abstainer? Who gave the law to Moses regarding total abstinence, as recorded in the 6th of Numbers? Who commissioned Jeremiah to carry the promise of an everlasting 'prop' to the total abstinence system? This was not only abstinence from *mixtures*, but from *wine* itself. To have done: we are neither Nazarite nor Rechabite; but we advocate that system which has been the means, in God's hand, of snapping many a cord of licentiousness, of drying many a mother's cheek, of giving bread to many a helpless child, and which, we trust, will yet be the means of wresting from the grasp of Satan one of his most fatal instruments—*intoxicating drink*.

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ANGELS.

[*"Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?" Heb. i. 14.*]

There is an angel near,  
Bright minister of good;  
Soothing to rest each trembling fear,  
That haunts earth's solitude.

Some holy thought he tends,  
Just rais'd on virtue's soil;  
And to th' awaked spirit lends  
Strength for the coming toil.

And now the race begun,  
More anxious is his care;  
Teaching the soul in faith to run,  
And guarding from each snare.

Whilst in temptation's hour,  
When passion's furious tide  
Descends with unresisted power,  
Who could the shock abide;

Did not his unseen hand,  
Prepared for danger's call,  
Swiftly put forth at God's command,  
Avert the dreadful fall?

The humble penitent,  
Low at God's throne in prayer,  
Hears a soft voice in mercy sent  
To tell of pardon there.

How sweet then the repose  
That Angel-spirit proves;  
In blest employ to wait on those,  
Whom Jesus dearly loves.

Along the path of grace,  
He leads them safely on;  
Till reach'd at length the resting place  
Before the Saviour's throne.

Loud now the anthems ring:—  
"A sinner welcomed home:"  
New songs of praise the angels sing,  
"Sin, Death, is overcome."

H. H.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

My dear Sir,—It is not my intention to offer any remarks on the last communication of “*Amicus Veritatis*.” I must therefore leave him to discover for himself, the historical inaccuracy concerning Luther ; and also his evident want of grammatical perception, in the passage with which his epistle is concluded. I willingly forego the honour of appearing again on the list, with a writer, who, from an overfecndity of imagination, and by an illegitimate mode of argumentation, possesses the facility of inventing assertions, and then of ascribing their authorship to one to whose sentiments they are directly opposed.

Several of the points at issue ; such as “the renewal of the earth by the purifying process of fire,”—“the sucking child playing on the hole of the asp,”—and our having “a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens,” are necessarily embraced in the subjects which I have promised to present to your readers, and which, “if the Lord will,” shall be forwarded in due time.

I am, my dear Sir,

Yours very faithfully, T. O.

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*The Snowberry.*  
(Concluded from our last.)

O faithful teachers, be not discouraged : you are now sowing the seed : it may be, another will first put to the sickle ; but think not that the word of God will return unto him void. Many of those who now seem to you careless and indifferent, may one day rejoice your hearts by their holy lives, and happy deaths. Like the snowberry, the blossom and fruit may come together. I frequently saw Betsy, and always left with her a text at parting, which was made the subject of our conversation ; and I was thankful to find

had been the subject of her thoughts. Her sense of her sinfulness increased. The interest she took in what I said, when talking of Jesus, was expressed more by looks than words; except an emphatic "oh! yes." I could not doubt the reality of the Spirit's work, and I felt anxious to see her possessing a *sense* of forgiveness through, and acceptance in the Beloved.

About this time I left home. It seemed probable that she would continue a few weeks longer; but I felt assured of her interest in Christ, and with him I left her, believing that in his own time he would manifest himself unto her, as he doth not unto the world. Our parting text was, "The LORD is my Shepherd, &c." After a fortnight's absence from home, I saw her again. The outward man was decaying; but it seemed to me that the inward man was strengthened. She felt that Jesus was able and willing to save her; yet could not feel sure she was safe. I often read to her, and she continued calm and composed. She was soon removed to her grandmother's at N——. I hastened to take (not an eternal—it will only last through time)—I hastened to take a farewell of my dear friend, and was for the last time permitted to whisper to her, "God is Love." This was the last time I saw her. It was in the middle of July. About the end of August, my mother, being at N——, went to make enquiries about Betsy. She had died two days before; and, from what my mother heard from the pious nurse, who had for some time been with her we could not doubt that she slept in Jesus. On the Saturday the nurse was talking of the happiness there is in Christ: she said "I wish I could feel it." The next mornin' (Sunday) she said "I *am* happy now." When asked if in Christ? she answered, "Yes:" and a little after said, "Don't let any one come to see me to-day." It was asked, "If Miss D. (her teacher) comes, would you not like to see her?" "I don't mean such as them," she replied. She was evidently afraid lest her mind should be taken off.

Christ. She continued a few hours in the same calm, quiet frame of mind, and then slept the sleep of death and I firmly believe, "sleeps in Jesus." Betsy had said very little to any one but myself, and it has been suggested to me, I may be too sanguine about her; and while writing, the thought has once crossed my mind—suppose after all, I am deceiving myself; but no! "He will in no wise cast out." It is all free. He gave the desire: he satisfied it: he gave repentance, and would he withhold remission of sins? Oh no!

Betsy was naturally reserved, and I can easily understand, the thunders of Sinai would only bar from hope a soul tremblingly alive to its own deficiencies; but the sweet voice of the gospel unlocked her tongue, and I think I have a well-grounded hope that she is now in heaven singing the praises of the Lamb. I often look forward to the time, when her Sunday school teacher, and her unworthy friend shall join her in, and perhaps be met by, her on the threshold of heaven, there, to enjoy for ever the love of God, where both he that soweth, and he that reapeth shall rejoice together.

We cannot make things grow;  
Shall we refuse to plant?  
Oh! doubting, foolish question! no!  
God will the sweet show'rs grant.

We cannot change the heart—  
Why with the sinner plead?  
Cannot the Spirit grace impart?  
Can He not raise the dead?

Work while 'tis called to-day,  
The night will shortly come,  
When we shall all be called away,  
To meet our final doom.

*Olney.*

And will not some we knew,  
Some that we lov'd on earth,  
Look sad reproaches on those who  
Felt what the soul was worth.

Oh! shall we see them die,  
Nor strive to reserve one?  
Oh! let us to our Father cry—  
Let us frequent the throne.

Let us for others pray,  
Nor for self only live;  
Our labour is not thrown away,  
God will the increase give.

*L.*

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#### THE RESURRECTION.

Sir,—That there will be a time, or times, when



the dead, righteous and wicked, will be raised from their graves under some form, we take as granted on all hands. Out of this proposition there naturally arises the two following questions, viz.:—

1. Will there be any order in the resurrection?
2. If an order will be observed, may we calculate upon a dispensation of some duration between the distinct resurrections?

That an *order* is decreed of God is clear from 1 Thes. iv. 16, "The dead in Christ shall rise first." The first question, then, requires no comment.

The answer to the second is not so easy. Not being a branch of dogmatic theology, it admits of various views without infringing on the fundamentals of Christianity. It is a question of interest, though not of vitality; of some difficulty, but not of obscurity.

The duke of Manchester, a writer of profound discrimination, with special reference to Dan. xii. 2, and John v. 28, 29, says, "At Christ's coming, the resurrection of just and unjust shall take place, by which I do not mean to deny a priority of *order* in the resurrection of the righteous, but only assert, that there will be no dispensation intervening between the resurrection of the one class and that of the other." *Horæ Hebraicæ*, p. 118. I make this quotation as the two conflicting views are therein stated with perspicuity.

Before I enter formally upon the question, allow me to advert to a statement of your correspondent which, if true, casts a gloom over the patriarchal Church. He says, "Isaiah was fixed upon to make known to the Church, the resurrection of all the people of God." If, then, Isaiah *made known* this paramount doctrine to the Church, we must conclude that previous to the days of Isaiah, it was not known by the Church. This appears to me the inevitable conclusion; and yet it is one desirable to be evaded. That the great doctrine of a general resurrection, the climax of faith, should have been concealed from the Church until the time

of Isaiah carries with it no degree of plausibility; and that the passage quoted contains its formal announcement is any thing but clear. Could we palliate the blind superstition of the patriarchs in giving commands to lay their bones in the sepulchres of their ancestors if we deny their belief in the resurrection of their bodies? Or could we justify the Hebrews in obeying their injunctions if we deny their knowledge, as a church, of the resurrection? This position is untenable, being (as it seems to me) subversive of the creed of God's people in all the early ages of the church.

In the prosecution of my proposed subject, I shall first investigate Dan. xii. 2. The heavenly messenger announces, (ver. 1.) "And at that time shall Michael stand up &c.; and at that time thy people shall be delivered, every one that shall be found written in the book. (Compare Rev. xx. 12—15.) And many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame, everlasting contempt." The question is, *when* shall these arise? The vision answers, '*at that time*,' when Michael shall stand up, when there shall be a time of trouble, (Rev. xx. 8.) and when all shall be delivered who are written in the book of Life, as recorded in Rev. xx. 15. Mark, there is only *one* time mentioned throughout, and at this time *many* shall awake, and in this *many* are comprehended, without controversy, righteous and wicked. It does not affect the argument whether this time will be at the beginning or end of the millenium; it being enough to know at present, that *at that time* (what time I do not say) both good and bad will awake. It may perhaps be objected that this criticism on the expression, *at that time*, confining it to *one* time destroys the idea of *order* also. This objection is easily met. The Israelites all went over Jordan at the same time; and yet there was the strictest *order* observed in their passage, No space intervened between the passage of one tribe and that of the next, and

yet there was no confusion. So far then as Daniel's testimony may be relied on, we cannot expect any intermediate dispensation.

I shall go on next month (by permission) to examine various other texts corroboratory of Daniel's testimony.

AMICUS VERITATIS.

### The Cousins.

[Written for THE ALBUM.]

Helen Ashton was the only child of a gentleman who resided in the county of L——, Her father had in early life been educated for the church; but being of an active and enterprising disposition, he preferred the bustle of the mercantile world to the sacred profession for which he was designed. Having married a young lady of inestimable worth, but of an humble sphere in life and *without fortune*, he was consequently neglected by his immediate friends, and very rarely had any intercourse subsisted between them. He had retired from business after the decease of his beloved wife, keenly felt by him as an irreparable loss, not only on his own account, but on account of his dear child, the sole remaining pledge of their mutual attachment. Helen was a mere child when deprived of the vigilant care and tender solicitude of her whose place none on earth could supply. But Mr Ashton, instead of giving himself up a prey to weak despondency, blessed God, that, although widowed, he had many comforts remaining, was not left childless; but that he had something to stimulate to exertion, and actuate the powers of his vivid mind, without which, inactivity, and barren distaste to the world, too often succeed disappointment, and leave those gifts of nature and Providence unimproved, when the fruits of cultivation might be reaped abundantly. Their cottage was situated in a lovely fertile vale, having a sloping lawn in front, extending considerably to each side, and

bordered with trees of various kinds ; whilst at the foot a beautiful winding stream traced its course ; and meandering through a grove, leaped over the edge of a limestone rock to the depth of four or five feet, presenting in expressive miniature all the features of the cataract. The whole scene, combining fertility with beauty, exhibited to view an appearance at once picturesque and romantic.

Mr. A.'s income, though not large, still enabled them to live in ease and even elegance, and also to spend a considerable sum in acts of beneficence. He attended to the education of Helen with all the feelings of a fond parent. They would each day, when walking out together in their hours of recreation, sit down by the side of the brook, when he would descant with eloquent enthusiasm on nature and its surrounding beauties, whilst she would sit gazing in his face with admiration and delight, inhaling, as it were, with every breath the spirit he wished to inspire ; and thus her reflections were led from "nature up to nature's God." He taught her the French and Italian languages, and having cultivated a taste for music and drawing, he instructed her in them ; and her refined taste received his lessons with no ordinary avidity. Time passed in this manner with little variation until she was eighteen years of age. They mingled little with society, except with the family of a neighbouring clergyman, who had a daughter about the age of Helen, with whom she formed an intimacy.

Annie Radcliffe was an amiable girl ; and her tastes and pursuits agreed so nearly with Helen's, (though she wanted that vividness of perception and acuteness of mind which characterized Helen in all her pursuits) that she regarded her with a sincere attachment.

Mr. Ashton's elder and only brother, who lived at a distance in an adjoining county, was a wealthy landed proprietor, holding a high station in society. He had a son and daughter, the former of whom, about three

years Helen's senior, had been travelling with a tutor on the Continent; and, having attained his majority, had returned to take possession of an estate bequeathed to him by a maternal uncle. He had never seen his uncle since he was a boy, and he only remembered Helen a playful little child romping about and plucking the flowers to make a "bouquet for cousin Willie." Sometimes in his contemplative moods, they were the subject of his thoughts, arousing a strong feeling of curiosity to see them in their comparatively humble and retired home. He wondered what Helen was like now? He knew she was a pretty child; but had she grown a handsome woman? Seeing that she had, in all likelihood, been brought up in seclusion and in absence of female society, he thought her manners must be awkward and unpolished; however, to gratify this inclination of inquiry, he resolved, when convenient for him, to make an excursion to that part of the country *incog*; and then endeavour to effect an introduction, if he found them at all worth his notice. Verifying the adage, "where there is a will there is a way," before the end of summer, he put his plan into execution; but without the knowledge of his family, who, in their obstinacy and pride, would no doubt have refused their consent to his acknowledging their less exalted relatives.

On a beautiful day at noon, William went out from a village a few miles from Woodvale (the residence of his uncle) with his angling apparatus; and having sauntered about till near evening along the brook without accomplishing his hidden object, to which the fishing rod was a bare pretext—without, I say, seeing any of the Cottage inmates, he departed, and resolved to try again next day.

Annie Radcliffe had been visiting with Helen, but had taken leave that day, expecting to meet a gentleman at her father's, to whom she had been for some time *fiancee*, and who, it was supposed, had now come

to claim her hand. After her departure, Helen felt lonely, and throwing on her hat and shawl, with a book in her hand strolled towards the rivulet.

*(To be continued.)*

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### SENTENCES.

If we are faithful in a few things, the Lord will make us rulers over many things. Mat. xxv. 23. If we are contented with small things, the Lord will give us all things. The woman of Canaan asked to gather up the crumbs, and the Lord gave her whatsoever she would.

Rev. iv. 6. So is the whole elect Church in the four quarters of the earth round about the throne in life in prayer, and in worship ; and in the midst of the throne, in Christ, their Head, and their Redeemer.

2 Cor. v. 2. A knowledge of sin, which is by the law ; a sense of sin, which is by the Spirit ; and a sight of sin which is by the death of Christ ; make a believer groan earnestly and continually.

Some professors find their joy and peace in doing, but a child of God finds joy and peace in believing : the former are well pleased when they have done something ; but the latter when he apprehends something of the Lord Jesus Christ. Phil. iii. 12—14.

Preaching the gospel is to humble the sinner, to exalt the Saviour, and to glorify God : for whatsoever does not humble the sinner, is not the gospel ; whatsoever does not exalt the Saviour is not the gospel ; and whatsoever does not glorify God is not the gospel.

The word of the Lord is a tried word, and they are a tried people to whom this word of salvation is sent.

A man must be in Christ, before he can be persecuted or suffer for Christ.

Natural life is like a waste, or being in an open field ;—spiritual life is like a garden, or being admit-

ed to the sight of a mansion;—but the life hereafter with a house not made with hands. John xiv. 2. having all things yours for ever. 1 Cor. iii. 21.—23. We were once without, in the open field even as others. Ezek. xvi. 5.; we are now brought nigh by the blood of Christ : but we shall soon have an abundant entrance in to go no more out. Rev. iii. 12.

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THE TRANSFIGURATION.

The last bright vestige of the parting sun  
 Had from th' extreme horizon died away,  
 And eve's grey shades around the mountain's side  
 Were gathering fast: when, waking from their sleep,  
 THE THREE behold with awe ineffable  
 A Glory greater than of mid-day sun  
 Effulgent streaming round them: it was not  
 A splendor, like to that of heavenly light  
 Reflected from th' unconscious ocean's breast.  
 But light Essential, Increate, Distinct  
 From brightest effulgence, Glorious far beyond  
 The loveliest forms in which the creature shines;  
 The Personal Glory of the Son of God  
 Forth bursting thro' his manhood: glittering waves  
 A lustre o'er his garments, such as art  
 Of Fuller ne'er could perfect: from his face  
 The Godhead beams in glories all its own.  
 The precincts of the mountain's top become  
 A bright Pavilion for th' incarnate God!  
 For lo! in glory, and in converse deep,  
 Two who had walk'd with God in olden time,  
 With Him appear—the one, with eye undimm'd,  
 And vigour unabated, in th' embrace  
 Of God resigned his soul on Nebo's height—  
 The other, fiery chariots bore away  
 From earth to heav'n—both on the Daysman's pledge  
 And God the Father's credit sav'd and blest.  
 But not of mighty acts in ancient times  
 By them achieved, nor e'en of future days,  
 When with their Lord in glory, they shall come  
 To judgment; nor of changes vast, through which  
 The Roman world should pass: His grand decease  
 Is all their theme—though they *before* had not  
 Beheld his glory as the man in God—  
 Yet, all their thoughts concentrate on his death.  
 Sharers of life immortal, viewing Him  
 With eye undazzled who is life itself,  
 Ye cannot speak but of th' atoning shame  
 That Glory's self must suffer, and the death  
 That life itself must pass through! But your own  
 Glory forbids my wonder; all ye are,  
 Ye are in HIM.

J. W.

# THE ALBUM.

No. 8.      NOVEMBER 1848.

## REFLECTIONS ON THE SEASHORE.

I was privileged in the month of June, to pass a few days on the north coast of Antrim, at a place possessed of much interest. While there, my attention was, of course, attracted by the objects around me, and various trains of thought were awakened in my mind, which to me, at least, were interesting, and some of these I have been induced to commit to writing.

The place, to which I refer, is situated between the delapidated Castle of Dunluce, and the much-celebrated Giant's Causeway—both of these are interesting: the one carries the mind back to the age of feudalism, when the vassals were bound to obey their liege and lord, while the other is a marvellous display of the wisdom and power of God. The one is a specimen of the skill of man, crumbling like its fabricators into dust, but the other is still remaining, a standing proof of the superiority of the works of nature to those of art. Let the mind of the reader now accompany me, on a beautiful summer's day to the sea-shore. Before me, is the blue expanse of water as far as the eye can reach, till it and the sky appear to meet, and mutually embrace each other. No boisterous billows agitate its surface,—all is smooth and still, save the gentle motion, which is excited by the soft blast of the Western breeze. What does this suggest to the mind? It reminds me of the death bed,—the concluding scene of the man of God, of him, who has accepted of Christ as his dear and everlasting Redeemer, who has



chosen heaven as his eternal home, and who has taken God as the portion of his soul for evermore. His latter end is peace. Like the unruffled surface of summer's ocean, all is calm ; death comes deprived of its terrors, he ceases to consider it as his enemy, for Christ has conquered death, and it is now his friend. Does the mariner not welcome the prosperous blast, which drives his ship, long detained on ocean's wave, into the peaceful haven ? Assuredly, he does ; and will not the Christian be animated by the prospect of death, which will carry him for ever from the billows and rude blasts of life's sea, and land him securely on the firm banks of Immanuel's land, where a sigh was never uttered, nor a tear ever shed ? In the midst of the deep, dark waters of the Jordan of death, the believer can triumphantly exclaim ;—

“Yea though I walk in death's dark vale,  
Yet will I fear none ill ;  
For thou art with me, and thy rod  
And staff me comfort still.”

How strikingly is all this illustrated in the last words of David, the sweet psalmist of Israel. David had been highly honoured of God,—from being an obscure youth of Bethlehem, even from the sheepfolds, he was taken to feed Jacob, God's people, and Israel His inheritance. But, although thus highly exalted, he did not, at all times, act in accordance with his great privileges,—he sometimes grievously sinned ; but his iniquities were all cancelled in that blood, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel,—Christ redeemed his soul from all evil,—he had an interest in the unchangeable covenant of grace, and hence, David, before he had gone to the land of silence, gave utterance to these remarkable words, “Although my house be not so with God ; yet he hath made with me an everlasting covenant, ordered in all things and sure, this is all my salvation, and all my desire, although he make it not to grow.”

How delightful to read the last letter, dictated by Dr. Payson to his sister a few weeks before his death. "Were I to adopt the figurative language of Bunyan, I might date this letter from the land of Beulah, of which I have been for some weeks a happy inhabitant. The Celestial city is full in my view. Its glories have been upon me, its breezes fan me, its odours are wafted to me, its sounds strike upon my ear—and its spirit is breathed upon my heart. Nothing separates me from it but the river of Death, which now appears but an insignificant rill, that may be crossed by a single step, whenever God shall give permission. The Sun of righteousness has been gradually drawing nearer and nearer,—appearing larger and brighter, as he approached, and now he fills the whole hemisphere; pouring forth a flood of glory, in which I seem to float like an insect in the beams of the sun; exulting, yet almost trembling, while I gaze on the excessive brightness, and wondering with unutterable wonder, why God should deign to shine upon a sinful worm."

Sure'y this is happiness in death: let it, therefore, be my constant aim to trust in Jesus, who can make me happy in life, triumphant in death, and glorious throughout eternity.

*(To be continued.)*

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#### TASTE AND GENIUS:

*(Continued.)*

Under the several heads of form, proportion, light, and shade, colour, and expression, hinted at in my last, might be comprehended nearly every exhibition of visual beauty. These are the elements of which the most extensive landscape is composed, and one or more of them must exist in every work of plastic or pictorial art. We are pleased or disgusted with objects in proportion as they are agreeable or repulsive to our

Judgment acting upon our sentient faculties ; and as these faculties are, to a great extent, the same in persons of average capacities, we find, as might naturally be expected, considerable accordance of opinion in regard to such objects, though not an entire unanimity, as that would be attended with many and obvious inconveniences. Minor varieties are therefore observable, dependant upon constitution, education, culture, and other accidents—but still there are certain things whose beauty is at once, and as it were instinctively, acknowledged by all. To instance, almost at random, in some of the departments already mentioned. The greyhound, antelope, and swan, among animals, may be taken as examples of gracefulness of form—the plumage of the peacock, pheasant, and bird of Paradise as exhibitions of colour—and pastoral scenery, as it reposes in the calm stillness of a summer evening, will exemplify general harmony of effect.

Again, with respect to the human face and figure— notwithstanding what has been alleged by Burke, that opinion as to personal beauty is altogether guided by habit, the ablest Philosophers now hold that this kind of Beauty no less than others is dependant upon eternal and unchangeable principles, which operate universally, or with exceptions which do not invalidate the rule. “Regular features,” says Hazlett, “are generally accounted handsome: but regular features are those the outlines of which answer most nearly to each other, or undergo the fewest abrupt changes. We shall attempt to explain this by a reference to the Grecian and African face ; the first of which is beautiful because it is made up of lines corresponding with, or melting into each other; the last is not so, because it is composed almost entirely of contradictory lines and sharp angular projections. The African Physiognomy, appears splitting to pieces, starting out in every oblique direction, and marked by the most sudden and violent changes throughout: the whole of the Grecian face blends with

itself in a state of the utmost harmony and repose."

"There is a harmony of *expression* as well as a symmetry of form.

"We sometimes see a face melting into beauty by the force of sentiment—an eye, that in its liquid mazes, for ever retiring within itself, draws the soul after it, and tempts the rash beholder to his fate. This is perhaps what Werter meant when he says of Charlotte, 'Her dark eyes were ever before me like a sea, like a precipice.'" It will be obvious that to the production of effects so portentous, a high degree of sensibility is requisite in the beholder; and perhaps it is fortunate that the concurrence of the pre-requisites to such romantic impressions is somewhat rare:—and this suggests the remark, that we must be particularly careful not to estimate the natural impressions of beauty by its effects, when magnified and exaggerated by the passion of love, whose transforming and beguiling powers have been, time out of mind, the theme of the Poet, and the Satirist.

But to return—Although the natural, and (if I may so speak) instinctive sense is sufficient to determine our preference, where different objects are submitted to our judgment, yet Taste may, and continually does, most grievously err for want of sufficient opportunities for making the comparison. We may be contented, and even delighted, with many things, which we should treat with neglect or contempt, had we seen specimens of a superior order. Thus it does not follow that the Flemish Painter would have deliberately preferred the Beauties of his own Country to those of Greece and Italy because he represented in his works the more solid and substantial charms of the former; but the one being continually, and the other seldom or never before his eyes, his memory and imagination were filled and stored with the images which became the types and materials for his delineations and combinations. The same is of course true of the spectator;

and the very tyro who admires the performance of the Village sign-painter will generally form a correct judgment when a superior work *which he is capable of understanding*, is placed in free and fair comparison with the other.

W. P.

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FAREWELL !

A mystic word, though often spoke,  
A sound more doleful than a knell,  
A voice which many a pleasure broke,  
Lie deep concealed in thee, "Farewell !"

Th' associate *sure* of earthly bliss;  
Of all our hopes the alarming bell;  
The yearning heart, the parting kiss,  
Are all contained in thee, "Farewell !"

How sad the thought that time but yields  
Such scenes as these! Oh! sad to tell,  
That partings are the source that shields  
Thy life, ah! dismal word, "Farewell !"

Our dearest friends, our strongest ties,  
Our life itself we all must sell;  
And woful weeping must arise,  
To sacrifice to thee, "Farewell !"

The joy of past and present years  
Is wafted to thy darksome dell,  
And in thy gloom soon disappears,  
Consigned to death by thee, "Farewell !"

A. T.

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The Cousins.

(Continued.)

It was an evening in August, about an hour before sunset,—such an evening as a happy, contemplative mind could enjoy. Being seated on a grassy couch, she opened the book, as if eager to imbibe its contents; but being unable to concentrate her thoughts, she laid down the book, and betook herself to plucking the wild flowers to tie them in a garland around her hat. From her assiduity and gracefulness, at this simple exercise, you would have concluded that it alone occupied her attention. But you would have been mis-

taken: her mind ranged beyond the confines of Woodvale, pondering on the happiness of Annie in the prospect before her, and how she herself participated in it. Her musings then took a selfish turn. What! if her father should be called away from her: she certainly would have a means of support: but then she would be a lonely orphan without one dear friend to share in reciprocal affection; and a tear rolled upon her cheek, which when perceived, she hastily absterged, and regretted having indulged in the reflections that produced it. Then looking up to that God who had given her all things richly to enjoy, who had clothed the lilies of the field, and would much rather provide for her, who had promised to be a Father to the fatherless, and a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, she felt quite happy, and with a beaming countenance rose to depart before the sun would set. She had walked a few yards when she heard footsteps behind her, and, on turning round, beheld a tall and elegant young man close by her, with her book in his hand. She felt greatly embarrassed, having her head adorned, as it was, with the wild flowers; but he soon relieved her perplexity by saying, "he begged she would excuse the intrusion, as he took the liberty to present her with the book he held, which, he believed, she had dropped on the ground where she sat." She thanked him, and received it with an unaffected gracefulness and a blushing dignity, that would have done honor to a Hebe. So thought William—for in truth it was he—but no doubt you have anticipated me.

Helen Ashton was a lovely girl; her form, rather above the middle size, was symmetry itself; and, surrounded by dark auburn locks, her face possessed a style of beauty most fascinating, the contour of which a Venetian Artist might well have selected for a model; she was altogether one who would at once excite admiration and command respect. No wonder, then, that he was riveted to the spot when with her hair,

which had escaped from its confinement, shading her fair face and neck in bountiful profusion, and her colour heightened by the surprise of meeting a young stranger in the grove, she turned away with innocent timidity, and with fairy step walked homewards. It was his first impulse to trace her footsteps, and follow her to the house (for he had now no doubt it was his cousin he saw), and make himself known to her and her father; but he stopped short on considering how they had been neglected by his family: "perhaps his uncle would reject any overtures which might lead to his favor; and still worse, Helen perhaps had been taught to regard his family with prejudice and dislike." Thus meditating, he returned to the village, devising a plan by the accomplishment of which he hoped all obstacles would be removed. He had met a son of Mr. Radcliffe's that day at the brook, who was enjoying the same amusement as himself; but having been less fortunate than William, he was helped by the latter to a part of what his fish-basket contained. The boy very naturally felt a curiosity to know who the kind stranger was, and enquired very modestly, if he lived in that part of the country, or if he were a visitor at Woodvale? He replied, that he was a visitor in the neighbourhood, but not at Woodvale.

Seeing the openness and affability of the boy, he took advantage of it by enquiring particularly about Mr. Ashton. The boy asked him, which way he would take in going home? He answered "By the village of B—." "Oh," said the lad, "that is our way too, and sister Annie is coming home to-day from visiting Miss Ashton. I came in the carriage which went to bring her, and stopped a short distance from here to try my success at angling in the stream; my time is up now, as they were to be back in less than an hour, but if you come with me to our house—you know the rectory—it is not far from your way—Annie will tell you all about them, for she loves Miss

Ashton as much as she does any of us." William thanked him, and said, "I cannot call to day but I shall be happy to do so some other time." They then separated, William wending his way towards the residence of his Uncle, when he got introduced to Helen as described. He thought by forming an acquaintance with Mr. R.'s family, he would probably meet Helen there : he also determined to conceal for a time who he was, and therefore dropped the name of Ashton, retaining Heathcote, that of his uncle by whom he had the above-mentioned estate, and whose name he had assumed. Helen had never seen Mr. Hartley, the betrothed of Annie; and she concluded it must be he whom she had met in her ramble, and it delighted her that Annie had met with one apparently so worthy of her regard, and she wished her every happiness, which, with such a companion through life, she bade fair to enjoy. Having received a note from Annie next day, requesting her presence at the Rectory to add to the happiness that reigned there, that she might enjoy her society a few days previous to her marriage, she accordingly the following day arrived at Mr. R.'s and was received with all the usual manifestations of joy and an affectionate welcome. Annie, somewhat excited, said to her, "Mr. H. is come, and is longing to be introduced to you. A young gentleman, lately come to the neighbourhood, met Tommy at the brook fishing a few days ago, and, being so extravagant in praise of the stranger, Tommy had liberty to ask him to the Rectory, which he has done; he is here now, and will spend the remainder of the evening with us. We told him we expected a very dear friend this evening—Miss Ashton of Woodvale—he seemed so delighted, that I must not detain you, or be so cruel to Mr. Heathcote (for that is his name); for he has been looking out for you ever since he heard you were coming." It occurred at once to Helen that the stranger she had seen was Mr. Heathcote, and not Mr. Hartley, as



she had supposed, and Annie agreed that "*it must be he,*" when she heard of the adventure in the grove—"But I cannot wait," said she, "for I am all impatience to know if it really be your '*Hero of the Vale.*'"  
*(To be continued.)*

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TO THE EDITOR.

Dear Sir,—There appeared in the first number of your periodical, some lines written on the Holy Bible. Upon a portion of these lines I have long wished to offer a few remarks, but have hitherto been deterred from so doing, by the consciousness that I had scarcely time enough upon my hands, to enter upon a task of such magnitude, as is the one, I am about to attempt.

Before I make further allusion to these lines, I must beg leave to assure their writer, that I approve the sentiments expressed, and admire the spirit which has dictated them, and that I most cordially enter into his feelings of reverence (exhibited in them) for the sacred word of God. I am a dissentient from T. O. only in the classification he has made of infidelity with scientific research, and in the general censure and condemnation, which he has thought fit to pass upon the followers of astronomy, and geology, and their deductions from ascertained, and well compared facts.

As some space has elapsed since the publication of these lines, and as they did not at that time appear in connexion, I trust T. O. will allow me to quote the part to which I allude, both to refresh the memory of your readers, and to preface my defence, by the charge.

"The scoff and sneer of Infidels,  
 And Philosophic dreams of mortal men,  
 Who, too arrogant to be taught by thee,  
 Climb up to heav'n, and soar among the stars,  
 Then, at a guess, declare thou did'st mistake  
 The object and the motion of the orbs ;  
 Or penetrate earth's caverns to explore

The fossil, relic of some distant age,  
 That liv'd and mov'd, say they, alas ! vain man,  
 Long prior to the time thou hast defin'd  
 This world's creation, and all things besides,  
 Have fail'd to controvert one sacred theme  
 Of thy contents."

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that I must appear to stand on very questionable ground, and that the act of opposing *the writer who has chosen the bounds of the Bible for his theme (even, in a single particular)* must greatly prejudice me in the minds of many of your readers. I trust however that I shall not be found to advance any thing militating against the word of God, but be able to show, ere I have done with the subject, that science is the handmaid of religion and may be made conducive to our maker's praise.

The condemnation passed upon astronomers and geologists, is so general, that I may very possibly impute a wrong meaning to the writer's words. Should I do so I trust he will excuse my mistake. If, when he classes infidels astronomers and geologists together he only means thereby to censure all who, perverting the use of time and talents, systematically make facts and deductions to bear against the word of God, I heartily concur with him in his general condemnations, and admit that we are not at issue on a single point; but if T. O. holding the prevailing opinion, the opinion of many, admitted pious and sincere christians; means in his general censure to condemn scientific research because it is said to oppose the word of God, if he means to discourage such pursuits, because he fears their discoveries must be prejudicial to the cause of truth, and if he means to assert that the humble followers of science, must necessarily be infidels and contemnors of the Bible; I must dissent from his opinions as futile, his fears as groundless, and appeal from his condemnation as unjust.

If I am not greatly mistaken, Mr. Editor, the censure of the opposers of philosophic inquiry can now only be

levelled against the science of geology, the deductions of which do not agree with the *literal* reading of the sacred word. There was a time when astronomy was not exempt from similar censure and condemnation, when the discoveries of its followers, and their deductions, were said to be arrayed in opposition to the Bible;—that time has passed away, and will return no more.

I desire to state as fairly as I can the point on which the geologist is thought to be worthy of condemnation, censure, and reproof,—but I wish to be clearly understood that it is of the *believing* geologist only I am speaking, of the man who looks upon, and into the works of God, as auxiliary to the higher conception of the creative power and might which are described and set forth in the written word.

I know there are many who would here exclaim, “restrain your enquiries within due bounds,” and gratefully I would thank them for such well intentioned advice, but at the same time I should feel constrained to ask, “Who gave an enquiring mind to man? Who was it that bestowed these reasoning powers upon him? Who was it that entombed these shells, and vegetables so deeply and so generally in the earth’s bed? Who was it that imprinted upon the stones these footmarks, and whose fingers were they which have traced these indelible characters in the solid rock?” And if I then took up the Bible, and enquired “Who in these sacred pages holds up the works of his might, as incentives to man’s praise?” shall I receive to any of these questions other answer than, “The Lord our God?”

The words and the works of our Maker, Mr. Editor, can never be at variance with, nor can they contradict each other, whatever discrepancy may appear between the literal reading of the Mosaic act of creation, and the deductions of science, will be found to have its rise in the minds and conceptions of men. I am about to enter into the subject of this discrepancy, and

I trust, whilst so doing, I shall not unnecessarily offend the feelings of those with whose opinions upon this subject I *once* had fellowship and whose motives I still respect.

The difference of opinion which I believe to exist between Geologists and their opposers is as follows.

The first say, a long period of pre-ordaining care, in the works of creation, is manifested by the marks of transition, and progression, and the evidences of organization and life which are every where scattered throughout the globe. To which the latter replies, "you are treading upon dangerous ground, you are making fearful innovations upon the revealed word, in which God, who cannot lie, points out, distinctly, the time occupied in the world's creation, and tells us that at the period on which He looked upon His finished work and pronounced it to be "very good"—"the evening and the morning were the sixth day."

I shall trespass too much upon your columns if I proceed, but shall have great pleasure in continuing this subject in your next. your's truly, W. H.

#### THE RESURRECTION.

Sir,—It is not my intention to enter into a consideration of the important questions suggested by your correspondent *Amicus Veritatis*, (p. 106.) although I believe they might both be very definitely answered by reference, not to a few texts of uncertain meaning, but to the whole tenor of the teaching of Scripture, upon that great article of our faith the Resurrection of the body. I purpose, however, (with your permission) to offer a very few words upon one of the texts quoted by your correspondent, viz. Dan. xii. 2., a passage which has been much relied on by those who deny that there will be any (or any considerable) interval between the resurrection of the just and that of the unjust. And first, I may observe that the passage, even as it stands in the received translation, clearly

implies that *all* will not rise at the time referred to. "Many of *them* that that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake." But in the original, the two words each translated "*some*," are literally "*these*"—"and these," being the very same words as are used (in the singular) in several verses of the first chapter of Job, where they are rendered "*he*" and "*another*." The true force of the passage seems to be this:—"Many out of those sleeping in the dust of the earth shall awake: these (who awake, shall be) to everlasting life: the others (who remain sleeping, shall be) to shame (even) everlasting contempt."

If this be a faithful rendering of the passage, (and I believe most Hebraists admit that such is its signification), it is clear that the passage is very far from being opposed to the views of those who, in accordance with what they believe to be the correct interpretation of Rev. xx., supported by numerous other scriptures, hold that the saints will rise at the commencement of the millennial reign, and the rest of the dead not until its conclusion. I may add that the above quoted translation is supported, as to its first clause, by the Vulgate, and altogether by the version of the learned Hebrew Tremellius.\*

In conclusion, I cannot but remind your readers that the most practically important portion of the prophetic word at the present time, is not that which relates to the order of the resurrection, or the interval between the rising of the righteous and the wicked; but the great and momentous truth that "the coming of the Lord draweth nigh."—O that the church of these last days were more mindful of the warning of her Lord, "Watch ye, for ye know not when the master of the house cometh; lest coming suddenly He find you sleeping." X.

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\* Dan. xii. 2. Et multi *de his* qui dormiunt &c. *Vulg.*

Tandemque multi *ex dormientibus* in pulverulenta terra expergiscentur; hi ad vitam æternam, illi ad opprobria et contemptum æternum. *Trem.*

*Cholera and its Treatment.*

Of the various modes of treatment employed in the hope of arresting the Asiatic Cholera when last it invaded Europe, none appears to have been so efficacious as that adopted by the Homœopathists.

In Vienna, indeed, so marked were the results in favour of the Homœopathic treatment; that the Government at once reversed the edict which then obtained against the practice of that system. In other places on the continent, the Homœopathists were equally successful and consequently similar laws were repealed; the system was recognized by the Universities, and it first attracted attention in this country.

The mortality under the usual mode of treatment in private practice exceeded 39 per cent, and in the hospitals it reached so high as 57 per cent; under Homœopathic treatment in private practice, it scarcely exceeded 9 per cent, and in the hospitals, 32 per cent.

In some hospitals the difference was yet more apparent; in that of Berlin out of 97 cases treated in the usual manner, 64 died; in the Homœopathic hospital in the same city, out of 32 cases, only 6 died: In the hospital of Bordeaux, out of 104 cases, 72 died; in the Homœopathic Hospital, out of 31 cases, 6 died.

In these cases it will be perceived that while upwards of two thirds were lost under the usual treatment; under the Homœopathic scarcely one fifth died. The following statement will more clearly shew the comparative results between the Homœopathic system and the ordinary method.

## TREATED AT THEIR OWN HOUSES.

*Results of Allopathic or ordinary treatment of Cholera.*

Cases.	Deaths.
3107	1231

About one death in 2.1 3rd cases.

*Results of Homœopathic treatment of Cholera.*

Cases.	Deaths.
1870	169

About one death in 11 cases.

## SENTENCES.

How true it is "We know but in part." Greater knowledge would interfere with the purposes of the Most High, the agency of man, our relation unto God, and the part we have to act in this world.

Though the Living One is Light, and his word light, yet "clouds and darkness" are round about him, "He giveth no account of his matters." *He imparts* for our knowledge, comfort, and strength; *He hides* for our faith, and in his own glorious Majesty *He blesses* his children to fill their bosoms with his love, and draw them as near to himself, as the earthly condition will permit. *He withholds* the anxious sense of his favour and love, that our hearts may beat after him, and that he may return unto us, with "his hands dropping with myrrh and his fingers with sweet-smelling myrrh." Song. ch. v. ver. 5.

VICARIUS.

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SIR,—Allow me to animadvert a moment upon your Biblical correspondent's last communication. At the outset he kindly intimates that he will offer no remarks on my letter; but unfortunately he soon forgets his laudable resolution, and proceeds, *in ordine*, to prefer against me two charges, which, though not haply "illegitimate," are exceedingly vague and gratuitous. I am perfectly aware that Luther *latterly* discarded the spiritual mode of interpretation, adopted in his work *on the Mass*, which appeared in 1520; and with it abandoned truth on some most important points. In short, when your correspondent specifies my mistake, and ceases from vague, illogical charges, I am quite ready to maintain every jot of what I advanced 'concerning Luther.'—As to my "evident want of grammatical perception *in* (of) the passage" concluding my letter, I confess I am at a loss to know what your learned correspondent means. I made no comment upon the passage; hence, his aspersion is totally arbitrary, so far as I am concerned. If, however, he has any cause of quarrel with the translators, I hesitate not to espouse their cause and show that in the verse quoted they leave us not the smallest ground to tax them with being obtuse in "grammatical perception."

He now leaves the interesting subject of our examination *in medio*, using as a pretext for withdrawal what he is pleased to term my "illegitimate mode of argumentation." If this be so, the advantage is his, not mine. I hope his acute perception cannot discover any breach of courtesy in my remarks on an abstract subject; except, as some in harmless simplicity do, he makes *disagreement in opinion* another name for impoliteness. I now fear the friendly interposition of "An Inquirer," in a late number, conveyed in most conciliatory terms, was not without reason. Sorry should I be, were its object to be frustrated. I am, dear sir, yours faithfully, AMICUS VERITATIS.

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No 9 miss lacc  
after to

## THE ALBUM.

No. 10. JANUARY 1849.

### THE RESURRECTION.

Sir.—That blessed hope of the church, the glorious appearing of the great God even our Saviour Jesus Christ, and the unspeakably joyful events which will be consequent upon that appearing, are rather subjects for calm and devout contemplation, than for debate and controversy. Nevertheless as the animadversions of Amicus Veritatis upon my former communication seem to demand an answer, I venture to request you to insert a very few brief and friendly remarks in final reply to those animadversions.

Permit me then respectfully to inform your correspondent that when I wrote the letter which appears at page 124. I was fully aware of the annotation of Tremellius to which he directs my attention, but cannot see that his reference to it is at all to the point, as I did not quote Tremellius as a theologian, but merely as a learned and honest translator—His annotation is indeed valuable in one respect, namely as a proof that his translation was not the result of a millennarian bias.

As to the translation (which your correspondent is pleased to call an “exposition”) of Dan. xii. 2. I am quite willing to own that instead of saying “*most* Hebraists admit such to be its signification,” it would have been better if I had said “*many* Hebraists &c.” but this is not material. I cannot agree with A. V. that the Vulgate gives *no* countenance to the suggested



rendering. The Vulgate, Tremellius, and our own version, agree in the first clause of the verse, and although it may be quite true that in some passages of Scripture "many" is used for all, he must indeed be a bold interpreter, who would venture to explain either the "*multi de his qui dormiant*" of the Vulgate, or the "*multi ex dormientibus*" of Tremellius otherwise than "many of (or out of) those who sleep." Your correspondent speaks of the marginal reference of the Vulgate to Matt. xxv., and rather hastily concludes that such a reference "settles *its* view of the passage," quite forgetting, that that translation was made towards the end of the fourth century, and that the references to parallel or supposed parallel passages were added about 1200 years afterwards. The reference in question seems a peculiarly unhappy one, as the 25th chap. of Matthew does not appear to contain a single word concerning the resurrection at all but to be an account of the judgment of the living.

I do not wish to question for one moment the assertion that Dr. Gill was "a learned Hebraist," and in some sense, "a noted millennarian," but it is notorious that many of his leading opinions on prophecy were nearly, if not quite, peculiar to himself. He held, for example, the strange and unscriptural notion of *two* millennial reigns, the first altogether spiritual, the second personal, thereby placing the great hope of the church (John xiv. 3.) at the distance of at least a thousand years, and destroying all the force of the numerous exhortations and warnings of Holy scripture, to watch for the Lord's appearing.

Having thus finally replied to the objections of A. V. permit me to urge upon your readers the duty and privilege of searching the scriptures, not only with reference to the sole foundation of our hope, the one offering of Christ for the sins of many, but also, to the hope itself, his appearing the second time, without sin, unto full and complete salvation. This must be done,

not in the spirit of the wise, the scribe, the disputer of this world, but in lowliness and self-abasement,—in dependence alone upon the promised illumination of Him by whom the prophets spoke,—and, in anticipation of the great and rapidly approaching day when the loftiness of man shall be bowed down, the haughtiness of men made low, and the Lord alone exalted. Let not any be deterred from an examination of the testimony of Scripture concerning things to come, by the errors which some have maintained in conjunction with the doctrine of the premillennial advent. “If some of those,” (says Mr. Bickersteth) “to whom the church is indebted for a revived attention to this, its great hope, have mingled with it (as indeed from human infirmity was to be expected,) notions that we consider unscriptural, and calculated only to prejudice men’s minds; this subtle device of Satan, transformed into an angel of light, will not turn away the faithful christian from that which is the true position of his soul,—looking for and hasting unto, the coming of the day of God.”

I remain, Sir, yours faithfully,

X.

#### TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Sir,—Being much interested in the subject of the Resurrection as it appears pro and con in the pages of your valuable miscellany, but being neither able nor willing to enter the field of argument with such a combatant as is your learned correspondent “Amicus Veritatis” yet, I would enquire of him, If there be no interval between the resurrection of the just and unjust, why do we so often meet with the expression in the scriptures, “raised *from* the *dead*,” the resurrection *from* the dead &c.” why is it not rather written raised *from death*? And if there be but *one* resurrection, why is it said, “the resurrection to life,” *and* the resurrection to damnation,” *or* “that there shall be a resurrection of the dead, *both* of the just and the unjust?”

Your learned correspondent will doubtless treat these questions with his usual adroitness making them appear as nothing and the enquirer also. Still they have weight with me against receiving his view of the subject. I remain, Sir, your sincere friend,

Z.

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LOVE NOT THE WORLD.

O! cling not to the things of time,—  
 A higher, nobler aim be thine :  
 I know 'tis hard from them to part;  
 I know they twine around the heart;  
 And many a fair and treacherous wile  
 They spread, thy footsteps to beguile.  
 But fruitless were the search and vain,  
 For perfect joy unmixed with pain,—  
 For bliss unsullied by a tear,  
 Or thornless roses blooming here.  
 Yet tho' there is no earthly joy,  
 Which hath not with it some alloy;  
 If Jesus doth but smile on thee,  
 O! sunny will thy pathway be,—  
 His love decays not, nor grows dim,  
 No cloud can separate from Him.  
 And richest blessings will be shed,  
 Like dew of heaven, upon thy head. [thee;  
 The Christian's life the world would paint to  
 A dull and thorny pilgrimage to be;  
 With gloom and sorrow thickly overspread,  
 Where hope and gladness have for ever fled.  
 But listen not! the wordling cannot know  
 The happiness religion doth bestow;  
 And ah! my dearest friend, can that be gloom,  
 Which brightens up the darkness of the tomb,  
 And makes the death we so much fear  
 A gladly welcomed messenger,  
 Which hath a never-failing power,  
 To comfort in the darkest hour,  
 And makes our blessings doubly precious prove,  
 As the sweet pledges of our Father's love?  
 What greater boon than can I crave for thee,  
 Than that thou mayest a happy Christian be?  
 Thy heart, thy soul, to thy Redeemer given;  
 Thy God thy stay, thy future portion *Heaven*.

M. D.

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TO THE EDITOR OF THE ALBUM.

Mr. Editor, —In resuming my defence of geology and its followers, I beg leave to call your attention to an assertion in my former communication, (viz.) that

the *words* and the *works* of the Creator, cannot be at variance with,—nor can they contradict each other. I think this will be at once granted; and that any apparent discrepancy between the *works* and the written word, must have its rise in the minds and conceptions of man.

Hence it follows, that, either the geologist is in error, in his facts, or deductions,—or the literal reader of Scripture gives too confined and limited a sense to the Mosaic account of this world's creation.

I hope you will not consider me egotistical if I give you a brief sketch of the manner in which my own mind was led to a consideration of some of the wonders disclosed by this science, and to the adoption of some of the deductions which follow therefrom.

Should such charge be made, it must be borne in mind that I (with others,) have already been arraigned for far more serious delinquency, (an approach to, if not connection with, Infidelity itself) and I must therefore be permitted to urge all valid pleas in my defence.

In this neighbourhood, Mr. Editor, fossil organic remains are not so abundantly stored up beneath the surface of the earth, as in some other parts of this kingdom. We have, it is true, ample proofs, even here, of former animal and vegetable life in the gryphea and corals seen in the gravel pits around us, and also in the immense mass of buried matter which forms the several strata of our coal formation;—but we have not, as in some localities, in every heap of stone lying by the way side, thousands upon thousands of shells to arrest the eye of the traveller, and to lead him to enquire whence their origin? and what was their design?

I lived formerly in a country rich in these productions; where every stone was replete with these fossil wonders, and every watercourse was full of the vestiges of generations which had passed away. Should I have acted wisely, Mr. Editor, in shutting my eyes against these evidences of wisdom and design, thus scattered

round me, and which every shell was able to disclose? In any other department of Natural Philosophy, it would at once be said, Examine God's work minutely, and the more it is examined, the more will it shew forth his praise!

But to return to the subject of my first essay in the science of geology.

From a heap of road materials I picked up a fragment of some organic remains : even to my *uninstructed* eye, it appeared curious, for it bore marks of regularity, construction, and design. The more I thought upon the matter the more improbable it appeared that this regularity, construction, and design, should be created without object, formed to be thrown away. I looked around upon the present existences in nature, and I beheld in all, unbounded skill, unfailing means, economy of purpose, and simplicity of mechanism and workmanship—but I likewise saw, that means were not employed without an end in view, that contrivance and design had always an object, and construction its purpose and use. Guided by analogy I argued thus,—this fossil was constructed for some purpose;—its contrivance had some object, its creation some use.—I pondered upon the subject,—I sought for corresponding portions to the specimen which had thus engaged my attention, and ere long I had determined in my own mind that the fragment I had picked up, had once formed part of the dwelling of an inhabitant of the ocean. I further discovered that this inhabitant could enlarge his dwelling, could build it sufficiently strong to resist the pressure of the superincumbent water, when he chose to seek his prey at the bottom of the seas,—and likewise that he possessed the power of rendering its specific gravity less whenever he wished to float it to a distant place, in short I made out with tolerable accuracy, the physiological history of this animal, of whose existence even we have, in our day, little evidence, beyond what is furnished by the habitation

which he made. This habitation being, on the death of its occupant, buried in soft mud has, by the conversion of that mud into stone, become entombed in the solid rock; to be a lasting memento of things which were, and of generations which have passed away.\*

It would occupy too much space were I to detail each consecutive step in my induction to the wonders and truths of this science. Suffice it, Mr. Editor, that I give you my matured opinion on the subject, as drawn from my own observation and the works of authors who have chosen geology for their theme.

With respect then to the geological construction of the earth's surface, let us take a view of it with regard to the island we inhabit.

Beginning with the lowest in the series of formations; we have first the primary rocks (Granites), below which man has never yet penetrated:—these rocks shew marks of igneous agency. They are traversed by metalliferous veins, but disclose no marks of stratification, or organic remains. Their position in this island is the western coasts of Cornwall, North Wales, and Westmoreland.

Next in order comes the transition series—these rocks shew marks of stratification, but partially obliterated by the action of heat:—they contain no organic remains—their position, in England, is parallel with the former, they occupy Devonshire, the eastern portion of Wales, and the western of Cumberland and Northumberland. By some internal force they have, in many parts of the kingdom, been lifted to the surface of the earth, as witness their rugged points in the Charnwood hills in Leicestershire.

Next in order and lying upon the former, we have the carboniferous system, which contains abundant evidence of organism and life. The masses of vegetable

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\*An elaborate description of this fossil may be found in Dr. Buckland's Bridgewater treatise, where evidences of contrivance and design are fully shewn in the construction of the shell of the Ammonite.

matter which are here entombed, the zoophytes, and the fishes (of few orders only) which contribute to the formation of this stratum, tell us that the earth was clothed with verdure, and contained different forms of animal life, ere the portion of His work which we are now considering was stored up by the Great Artificer, to furnish an inexhaustible supply of iron, salt and fuel for the future wants of his creature, man!

Overlying the eastern edge of the Carboniferous, (or according to some) the red sandstone formation;— is the Lias. It runs, with partial interruptions, from Dorsetshire to Yorkshire, both counties inclusive, of an average width of seven miles.

In its layers no coal is found, no iron stone, no salt,—but new orders of existence are here exposed to view.—*Trichratus*, *Bellemnites*, *Ammonites*, and *Saurian* remains, are found in abundance, and tell of a total change in the inhabitants of our world.

I would for a moment call your attention to the magnitude of these monsters of the deep. On comparing the fossil bones with their modern types it is presumed these creatures must have attained the length of one hundred feet. Their structure is defined, the nature of their food has been ascertained, and their fæces, having been at the time buried in the mud of the regions they inhabited are still rich in animal matter, and at the present day furnish to the agriculturists of some districts a powerful manure for their fields.

I have thus, Mr. Editor, gone through the geological divisions of about half our kingdom—great changes are apparent here,—other changes will be seen as we go through the oolite and chalk formations; but as I have trespassed too much upon your space, I reserve the further consideration of the subject for a future opportunity. I am Sir, Your's truly,

W. H.

*Scattered thoughts suggested by flowers.**(Concluded.)*

If *early* associations were linked with the emblematic bloom of the gentle flowers, many a monitory wreath might be twined for the unthinking brow of youth, and the impressions made in "life's fair spring, and boyhood's blossoming hour" would in the "sober autumn" of life come o'er the soul with a magic thrill, and gild many a dark and dreary day with their hallowed remembrance and influence.

Most of the peculiarities attending the delightful science of horticulture are replete with instruction; and such teaching gains readier access to the mind, when it is voluntarily drawn, even as the bee extracts his honey from the nectary of a sweet flower. In every plant which blows we can trace some feature of the Deity; and may not the very odours they exhale be regarded as incense acceptable to Him, "whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints."

Let us cherish then every plant with a tender regard, and by this means multiply our sources of innocent enjoyment, and real profit. True it is, they will often disappoint our most watchful care, only serving to remind us, that the pleasures of earth, like the gayest blossoms which fall before the chilling frost or the scorching sun, perish in the using; and thorns (meet emblems of the sting they leave behind,) remain, to mock, as it were, the eye that vainly seeks the mantle which once concealed them. "The immortal amaranth" alone is associated with enduring hopes and precious promises. It points our thoughts to that undying world, where faith and hope shall be exchanged for full fruition; and while, in its perennial bloom, it smiles upon us in prosperity and adversity, it conveys to the soul that sublime assurance, "I am the Lord, I change not."

## THE ATMOSPHERE:

*Its Nature and Advantages.**(Continued.)*

Besides the trade winds there are others called



*monsoons*, which in their nature differ very little from them, with this exception, that the latter blow six months in one direction, and other six months in the opposite. Hence they have been also called *shifting trade winds*. They never extend more than 600 miles from the land, and are for the most part in the Indian Ocean. When they change their direction, which is always about the equinoxes, they are accompanied with dreadful hurricanes or tornadoes, and storms of thunder and lightning. There are also the *sea and land breezes*, which blow alternately from the land and sea; from the former from midnight till noon, and from the latter from noon till midnight. These, however, never extend farther than 6 or 8 miles from the shore.

The different properties of the winds always depend upon the temperature of the air, whether that be more or less intense.

Having thus considered the nature of the atmosphere and some of its properties, it might be asked, "*what are its uses?*" Whether we examine this question in reference to the interesting results obtained by this element, in the field of Science; or as to its advantages to society in general, the conclusion is the same.

Without the atmosphere animal life should be extinct; vegetable growth, insupportable; the medium of hearing, interrupted; the common purposes of breathing must have been unanswered; the clouds could not have been suspended; rain and dew, whose fructifying influences refresh the earth, causing the hopes of the husbandman not to be disappointed, could not have been furnished; morning and evening twilight, which is so beneficial to us—but more so to cheer the dreary nights of the disconsolate Laplander—could never have been experienced; the glory and brightness of the firmament should never have been fully discovered; and besides, many of the valuable discoveries of modern science—more especially those of Chemistry

which relate to gases, metallic calcinations, and reductions, must have remained for ever unexplored. From several experiments upon the air-pump it has been proved, most satisfactorily, that without the atmosphere no animal could exist, nor vegetation advance. A live animal being put into the receiver, and the atmospheric air being taken out, immediately dies. The *transmission of sound* also has been experimentally shewn, by the same machine, to be interrupted, by suspending a small bell within the receiver, and removing the atmospheric air as before, which being done, when the bell is rung, no sound is produced. Of the many advantages which man enjoys none can be of more utility than that of hearing, for which he is indebted to the goodness of Heaven in furnishing the atmosphere as a medium of conducting sound. Air is a vehicle for sound but not the only one ; for it is conducted through water with the same facility as in air. The knowledge of its velocity is also a source of advantage, in calculating the distance of ships or other objects. By actual experiment it has been found that sound travels at the rate of 1142 Eng. feet in a second of time ; so if thunder or the report of a cannon is heard any number of seconds after the flash is seen, the distance of the object is easily determined.

Besides the importance of the atmosphere in the communication of sound, it is also of service to suspend the clouds ; for it is in it that they are congregated, assuming such a variety of hues and appearances, and retaining the vapours or remitting them again to the earth, in proportion as they are condensed or rarefied.

*Winds* are not only salubrious but also very beneficial to man. Their constant motion and incessant vicissitudes counteract all those baneful consequences which must ensue from a state of rest or inactivity, and preserve the air pure and wholesome, without which large towns should become lazarettoes, and

"Nature itself should languish and die."  
*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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### The Cousins. *(Continued.)*

One evening after Annie's departure, when Helen had returned to Woodvale, she was sitting alone, her father being absent. As she expected no interruption to her musings, she was rather taken by surprise when—Mr. Heathcote was announced! She received him with some embarrassment, but much kindness. Frigid formality soon gradually melted into freedom and sincerity, as the gloom of night is dissipated by the approaching sun,—which never fails to be the case when we meet possessing a similarity of taste and feeling, and when this similarity is mutually perceived. The visitor said he was about leaving the neighbourhood, and had come to say good-bye, adding, "I wished to have seen Mr. Ashton previous to my departure."

She answered, "I am sorry that he is from home, for I know he will regret much not seeing you again."

"I am happy" rejoined he "to find that I have obtained the respect of one I value so highly: but how unspeakably great would be my happiness did I know that his daughter would share with him one feeling of regret, or dedicate one thought to the memory of him, whose longings will unceasingly be wafted hither, either through the barriers of disappointment or on the wings of hope. Forgive me,—let a heart which harbours no earthly wish apart from you, and on every lineament of which your name is engraven, excuse, and plead for me. Say, have I offended you?"

"You have given me no cause of offence," said she confusedly, "but you seem to forget that you are only a stranger to me, accidentally thrown in my way. I cannot encourage such hopes as you express; but if my gratitude will be accepted, you now possess it."

"Enough! you are right; I am a stranger—in *one sense*, and shall not urge farther until I again appear before you in a position, which I hope will entitle me to a better claim upon your favor. Adieu! my absence will be short,—let the carol of the linnet in the grove where we first met be a remembrancer until I return."

A short time after William left Woodvale, Helen received an affectionate and pressing invitation from Mrs. Hartley, to spend a week or two with her in her new residence. She referred the matter to her father, who was quite agreeable to her going, and went with her himself to the place where Mr. Hartley had agreed to meet her.

In the mean time William arrived at Ashton Hall, and described to Emily in the most glowing terms all that he knew of their friends at Woodvale, not concealing his partiality to Helen, at the same time intimating a faint hope, that he was not indifferent to her. He requested Emily to assist him in prevailing, if possible, upon their father to visit Woodvale; with which she joyfully complied. On first broaching the subject, they were both taken unawares and delighted on receiving the following answer from him:—

"I am rejoiced at your proposal,—it has been my anxious desire for some time past."

Pursuant to the arrangements at Ashton Hall, Helen's father, during her absence, received a note from his nephew, of which in presenting a faithful transcript, I must beg the kind reader's indulgence,—the more so, as herein is exhibited the chief drift of my narrative. The laconic note runs thus:—

"DEAR UNCLE,

L—, Tuesday.  
 My father—your brother—desires me to convey to you

expressions of his love. He mourns over our long estrangement, and is now making the first advances to a reconciliation, having already arrived at L——. Forget what is past,—act the part of a Christian and a brother.

I remain, your affectionate nephew,

WILLIAM ASHTON."

Mr. A. was deeply affected, but no less transported with joy, to think that his brother, now growing old and hastening to the grave, had overcome his former prejudices. His reply to himself was long, pathetic, pungent, yet affectionate,—and concluded in these words, characteristic of the heavenly-minded proprietor of Woodvale;—"Away now with those petty earthly animosities, which at the worst had more of appearance than reality, and as we have one solid hope for eternity, so let us be united here in the bonds of brotherly affection,—the same Spirit breathing into our hearts one common holy desire, we shall again in our declining days know how good and how pleasant a thing it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

They arrived that evening at the Cottage. The meeting of the old gentlemen was truly affecting; but still, the rapture of that hour was too dearly bought,—for well nigh twenty years' alienation was its purchase. But conceive to yourself the astonishment of Mr. A., when he beheld standing there before him in the same person, his own nephew, and the admired stranger Heathcote! The latter, scarcely able to suppress his laughter at the incredulous gaze of his uncle, began to explain to both the reason of his incognito, and romantic visit; whilst he received their united blessing for what he had been the means of effecting. His first inquiry then was after his cousin, whom he had the misfortune to find from home; however his father seconded him in requesting that she should be immediately sent for. Forthwith a messenger was dispatched for Helen, hastening her home to see her uncle and cousin, who had arrived at Woodvale,—with this sly reserve, nevertheless, at William's request, that his identity with Mr Heathcote should not be made known until her return.

Next day she alighted at the cottage door, her countenance beaming with the wonted happy smile. Her father at once desired her, when divested of her travelling habiliments, to speak with him a few minutes alone, before being introduced to her friends. He led her to his study, and when seated, assuming a grave and judicial look, said,—

“Helen, I have a request to make, will you grant it me?”

“Certainly, my dear father, you cannot doubt it.”

“But suppose you think it an unreasonable one, Helen?”

“Oh, you never made such a request, and I am satisfied you will not do so *now*.”

“Well then, Helen, your cousin William has seen, and loves you very dearly,—he has fully revealed his mind to me in the presence of his father, who has so much confidence in his son that he believes you to be all he has described, and he would be delighted at the prospect of such a union between our children. I have found the young man all I could desire, and my hope is, that you will meet him on equal terms. You know, Helen, he must be a more than ordinary person to whose keeping I would commit the one dearest to me on earth.”

*(To be concluded in our next.)*

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## SENTENCES.

There is the form of godliness, and the power of godliness; the former may exist without the latter; but the power cannot be in the heart, without the form in life.

Divine grace, is the development of the secret counsel of God towards us in Christ Jesus the Lord.

If I am in Christ, there is no condemnation to me, Rom. viii. 1; if I have Christ, I have life in me, 1 John v. 12; if I am Christ's, who shall separate me from him?

Rom. viii. 35 ; and if I am with Christ, I am chosen and faithful. Rev. xvii. 14.

I must speak well of the doctrines of the gospel of the grace of God ; for they are like the sun which is full of light, heat, and life ; while all my duties or works are like the moon which receives all her light from the sun, and illumines the night of nature :—good works adorn the believer and administer comfort to all men, while all he does is from the sun of righteousness. The sun comes forth first, the moon and stars succeed ; the former rules the children of the day, and the latter regulate and rejoice the children of darkness : nevertheless both are needful and ordained of God ; and are the two great lights in the firmament of the heaven, to give light upon the earth.

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#### NEW YEAR'S LINES.

I cannot hear the murmuring sound  
Of the wings of time as he speeds along ;  
Yet rapid by all, will his flight be found,  
And his pinions wondrous strong.  
He stoppeth not by night or day,  
But onward driveth away ! away !  
He skims o'er the earth,  
And death and birth,  
His mystical bidding in turn obey.

Would you watch his flight ? mark the flower unfold,  
When the genial zephyrs softly blow ;  
When the heath becomes a camp of gold,  
And a carpet the old hedge-row.  
What time the sun and blessed showers  
Have call'd to fulness leaves and flowers,—  
Then violets are in bloom,  
And cowslips breathe perfume ;  
And the clustering woodbine adorns the bowers,

Would you watch his flight ? see the swallow come  
Far far from over the distant sea,  
To rear his brood in his old, old home,  
And twitter his song of glee !  
Oh listen, listen attentive then,  
To the sounds from wood, and field, and glen ;  
Tones without end,  
That mix and blend,  
And di-join and mingle again and again.

Would you watch his flight? again return  
 To the broad-spread heath, and the hedge-row old;  
 To the wood, the glen, and the bower and burn,  
 When the air is icy cold:

When all the leaves and flowers are dead,  
 And away the summer birds have sped;  
 And the stream of the mill  
 Is ice-bound and still,—  
 And a sheet of snow o'er the ground is spread.

So may'st thou watch the flight of time,  
 Its every month, its every day,  
 By flowers that bloom in vernal prime,  
 And then at last decay.  
 By the sweet birds that come and go;  
 By the swift streams that cease to flow;  
 By leaves falling away,  
 And by flowers' decay;  
 By the winter's storm, and the sleet and snow.

Of such was the year which is trembling now,  
 On the utmost verge of its closing hour;  
 And such will the next year be, I trow,  
 With the bird, and the leaf, and flower.  
 For in glory the spring shall come,  
 And Christmas, too, follow in gloom;  
 And the year shall pass,  
 As last year has—  
 Ending in withering, opening in bloom.

Yet Hope, as time flies, gilds his shadowy wings,  
 And bids us look on to the morrow,—  
 Forgetful of winter the thrush loudly sings,  
 And no note of the lark speaks of sorrow.  
 Our fears let us put them away,—  
 Let us welcome the new year's day:  
 To the old bid farewell,  
 While the chime of the bell  
 Speaks hail! to the morning's glimmering ray.

Thus passes Time on his soundless wings,  
 And albeit he maketh change,—  
 To us, my Mary, not such he brings,  
 Though he does to the woodland range.  
 The birds may come, and the birds may go,—  
 The sun may deaden,—flowers cease to blow;  
 But heart to heart,  
 Through life not to part,—  
 We'll watch the spring verdure, and winter's snow.  
 W. C. L. M.

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#### ERRATA.

Page 144, 7th stanza, 1st line, for "when I," read "when Christ."  
 Same page, to "Sentences" subscribe "VICARIUS."

# THE ALBUM.

No. 9. DECEMBER 1848.

## THE ATMOSPHERE : *Its Nature and Advantages.*

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The soft verdure of the fields, the rich treasures of the earth, and the mild refreshments of the stream are often seen monopolised by the dignified votaries of pleasure, and almost set apart to their luxuries; while those of humble station, and less fortunate by nature must stand aloof as spectators to their unlawful intrusions. But this portion of Heaven's endowment no landmarks can restrain nor limitation bound. In the *air* all mankind can boast of an equal possession, and for it all are under an equal obligation to its benign dispenser. While we exist we consume a part of this element for our sustenance, and when that existence terminates, our bodies render back that which, during life, we may have taken from it.

Air is an elastic, fluid body, which surrounds the earth, gravitating on all parts of its surface. That it is *elastic* appears from its being expansible and condensable. That it has these properties we may readily see by an air condenser, or by a common syringe. If we push the handle of the latter inward, the air enclosed will be compressed into a less space than that which it occupied before; and on the removal of the hand, it will be found to act upon the piston to which the handle is attached, pushing it to its former position.

That it is a *fluid* we may also see from its yielding readily to the least force impressed upon it without exerting a sensible resistance; but if put into motion we can feel it as a body in resisting any thing that is



moved quickly through it, and in blowing away light substances. In consequence of its being a fluid, it expands or spreads itself over the earth's surface; and, as water or any other fluid, exerts a *pressure* on all its parts.

The pressure thus exerted might be illustrated by pouring water into a syphon, a bent glass tube, the legs of which are of unequal length. Allowing the air to press equally upon it, the fluid will attain the same height in each leg; because, the forces being equal and opposite, the level of the water will be preserved; but if, by any means, the air be drawn out of one of the legs, and suffered to press, as before, upon the other, the fluid will rise in the former and sink in the latter, which proves the air presses, and to what extent this pressure is.

The same might be shown by inverting an empty glass into a vessel of water, the mouth of the glass being downward. The water enters it, but not so high as that in the vessel; for the air that is in the glass becomes condensed in the upper part, which causes it to resist the pressure of the hand in pushing it down; and, the hand being removed, the condensed air exerts a force upon the glass, by throwing it up again. The pressure of the atmosphere on every square inch at the earth's surface is estimated at 14.75 pounds avoirdupois. This thin, elastic, fluid body covers the globe to a considerable height (it has been said to the height of 45 English miles, at least at this height the atmosphere is incapable of reflecting the sun's rays,) and is more dense the nearer it comes to the earth, being rarer and lighter the higher we ascend.

Hence it is, that at the tops of very high mountains, breathing is rendered difficult. *Heat* has the power of increasing its elasticity; and cold, of lessening it. Experience proves this: if a glass with some air in it be inverted as before into a vessel of water, and if we heat the whole over a fire, the air in the upper

part of the glass will expand, till it fill it and force the water out of it. It was on this principle that Montgolfier, of Annonay discovered *aerostation*, and made his first balloon at Avignon, in France in 1782. The air being heated within it, by means of a fire placed beneath, caused it to distend to a size occupying a space in the atmosphere, whose weight of common air or specific gravity was greater than that of the balloon. The elasticity of the air depends on its *temperature*, for the greater or less the degree of heat, in proportion with the air be more or less elastic. Hence it follows, that when one part of the air receives a greater degree of cold or heat than it had before, its parts are put in motion; and according to the velocity or quickness of this motion, we have the cooling zephyr, gentle breeze, or raging storm,

Winds are nothing but air in motion, and the general cause upon which they depend is the greater or less rarification of the atmosphere at different times and different places. At the place where the sun is vertical, and in some space around it, the air is rarified to a great extent, and being thus rendered lighter than it was before, it ascends to the higher regions, and other air rushes in to supply its place. By this means, the air about the torrid zone, or from 20 d. N. Lat. to 30 d. S., is constantly heated more than that of other parts of the earth; and in consequence of the sun's apparent westward motion, it continually moves in that direction, unless its progress be intercepted by mountains, or other obstacles; so that a stream of air always accompanies him, which occasions a continual East wind in those regions. This has been called the *trade winds*. It may not be improper to remark, that this trade wind exerts an influence on the *tides* in these quarters; the latter being both earlier and higher, when the former is favorable to the progress of the water; for whenever the trade winds blow there will always be a movement of the water in the same direction.

(To be continued.)

## ANSWER TO CHARADE. Page 89.

See how yon stream, with gentle force,  
Pursues its slow, but certain course,  
Nought may its flight oppose.  
The *dam* awhile its speed may stay—  
In other track it finds its way,  
On to the deep it goes !

So man pursues his forward way,  
And through life's short and fleeting day,  
His certain course we see ;  
From youth to *age* it onward goes,  
Till down the stream of Time it flows  
Into Eternity !

Oh ! seek we thee whilst yet we may,  
(Whilst on Life's stream we hold our way,)  
The Heavenly Ark of Rest ;  
No *DAMAGE* can this bark assail—  
It shuns the rock, it braves the gale,  
And lands us with the blest.

S. H.

## ANSWER TO ENIGMA. Page 64.

What time in icy chains the meads are bound,  
The *Teal* by Sportsmen oft are sought and found ;  
And *Ague* then demands the kinder care  
Of watchful nurse, t' exclude the chilling air.  
And when from *crag* to *crag* the thunders roll,  
They seem to warn the coward *Liar*, who stole,  
To steal no more,—whether a grain of *rice*,  
Or petted *cur* whose mistress, in a trice,  
With waspish *ire*, will din the open ear  
Of justice, to avenge the stolen dear.  
Now having thus in wretched doggrel verse  
The words brought in, which, in a style more terse,  
The poet pointed to, as forming part  
Of one great whole, which now is quite an art,  
I'll name it here, and seeking, hope to find,  
In *AGRICULTURE*, health and strength of mind.

J. K. J. H.

*Scattered thoughts suggested by Flowers.*

The habitual contemplation of the beauties of the vegetable creation, and of the changes continually taking place therein, is one of the privileges of a Country life. It is naturally calculated to suggest innumerable subjects for meditation, and to fill the mind with calmness and tranquillity.

It is surely not without a gracious and benevolent

design that the book of nature has been spread before man; and from the Creation of the world to the present hour its elegant productions have offered a voiceless but intelligible testimony to the glory of God.

The gradual development of flowers from the apparently inanimate dust, the contrast between the unsightly seed-vessel and the gorgeous blossoms which preceded it: all is fraught with mystery—the solution is to be found by the revealing light of God's word.

But for the altered condition of our world by sin, the flowers in Eden might have bloomed on unchangeably,—thorns also and thistles might have been unknown. Yet changed as is the aspect of the earthly garden, by the curse entailed upon it for man's sake; it conveys many a lesson of spiritual comfort to a dying world. The flowers as their petals wither, and fall and die, in imaginary language tell of our death, and re-appear with promise of our future resurrection; the experience of ages confirming this testimony

And may we not indulge the idea that the curse shall one day be removed, and that the whole creation which is now in a most degraded state, and was made subject to vanity not *willingly*, shall again be invested in all its original loveliness; and that literally as well as figuratively the wilderness and solitary place shall be glad, and the desert rejoice and blossom as the rose, yea even that this earth itself renewed and glorified shall be the future Paradise of the saints?

Flowers may be selected most effectively for the purpose of affording admonition to the young and blooming, and especially in their wrecked condition. When the storm has passed over them, and crushed their delicate petals! and how in sad unison with these perishable monitors is the fashion of the world which passeth away. Of how frequent recurrence in scripture is the figure of a garden and its inmates to portray man's frailty. "As for man his days are as grass, and as a flower of the field so he flourisheth. &c."

The Saviour himself has selected these lovely messengers also, from the applicability of their symbols, to convey to us some faint idea of the exquisite beauty and grace of the character in which as man he condescended to reveal himself. He is the Rose of Sharon, the Lily of the Valley. He is the Vine, we are the branches:—let these expressions take hold of our hearts that they may accompany us for our comfort and meditation as we wander among the sweets of our gardens. It would not be an unprofitable habit for the mind to accustom itself to particular trains of thought in connexion with this and that individual flower. These, with their appropriate associations, would serve as a note book of ideas and events, which but for such a memento might be forgotten.

The flower, to which we have likened a beloved one who has passed away for ever from this scene, would become to us a sad remembrancer on its annual return, and yet with a melancholy pleasure should we hail its re-appearance.

'Tis sweet to turn a retrospective eye,  
And call up images of fond regret;  
Then the dear relics of the lov'd who die  
Speak with a voice we would not e'er forget.

But the sweet aspect of a cherished flower,  
By memory's link connected with our friends,  
Home to the bosom comes with deeper power  
Because vitality with contemplation blends.

It might serve to awaken the best affections, if the suggestion thrown out by some well intentioned writer, in addition to the known Eastern custom of combining some sentiment with every expanding flower, a text of Scripture were selected as a motto for different *classes* of flowers; for example,

"For all white flowers."—"Behold Thou art all fair my love, behold thou art fair." Cant. i. 15.

"For all evergreens."—"Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever." Heb. xiii. 8.

Thus we might draw from the simplest sources rich

supplies of mental food, and by these connecting links  
be led from "Nature up to Nature's God."

*(To be continued.)*

REFLECTIONS ON THE SEA-SHORE.  
*(Concluded.)*

But, while I stand upon the sea-beach, I see a river emptying itself into the ocean: various objects are carried on its surface, and these are cast into the mighty deep, and are lost to the eye of the observer, amid the great waters. What does this suggest to the mind? It tells me that time is a river flowing rapidly into the ocean of eternity, and the different objects on its surface remind me, that we are all carrying rapidly to that land, whence none ever return.

This is no new idea; it was infused into the mind of the godly Moses, by the Holy Spirit, when the 90th Psalm was written. It is generally admitted to have been written, when God sentenced the Hebrews to wandering and death in the wilderness. Moses, however, was not deprived of all comfort; he remembers that God is unchangeable and everlasting: Although the whole universe were destroyed, still Moses would be cheered by the fact, that the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting. For all his sorrows, he finds an antidote in God; at the same time, however, he laments the frailty of man and gives utterance to the beautiful lines;—

*"As with an overflowing flood,  
Thou carriest them away;  
They like a sleep are, like the grass,  
That grows at morn are they."*

How vain, then, are the ambitious projects of frail mortals,—how despicable are the immense exertions, which we see, sometimes made, to obtain uncertain riches, and oh! how foolish is that contempt, which some manifest for those, poorer than themselves, when they are all soon to lie together beneath the same turf, and their bones alike to become as the clods of the valley! But when contemplating the evanescence of

everything sublunary, let us learn the lesson, inculcated by the Spirit of God in this 90th Psalm, and which the pious Hervey beautifully denominates, *the heavenly Arithmetic*, namely, numbering our days and applying our hearts to wisdom,—let us grow in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.

But here a steamboat passes, its appearance is unusually beautiful; it glides smoothly, until it disappears behind an adjacent headland, but even there its locality is indicated by the graceful undulations of smoke, which ascends up to the clouds. The sea has been very appropriately denominated, *the world's highway*; by it the wealth of nations is conveyed from one place to another, and intercourse between the different tribes of the earth is maintained. The skill of man, too, is conspicuous in the mechanism of vessels for the ocean; it is truly wonderful that man can construct out of boards, what is able to withstand the fury of the raging elements. The skill of man has effected wonders; it has constructed steamboats, railways, and electric telegraphs. When man can do so much, now that he is a degraded, fallen being, what must he have been, before that abominable thing *sin* appeared in our world,—what an object of delight before his understanding was darkened, his will rendered disobedient, his conscience seared, and his affections alienated from Him, who is the source of all joy, and the centre of all beauty!

The steamer, which has passed, carries passengers, and some of these are, no doubt, bound for foreign shores. Some, it may be, are compelled by the stern law of necessity to abandon their quiet, peaceful homes, and seek others in the land of the stranger. Such may adopt the beautiful language of the poet;—

“But now for me in vain the flowers expand,  
And leaves unfolding, dress the woods anew;  
I go, a wanderer, to some distant land,  
And bid my native hills—a last adieu.

Ye woodland streams, ye peaceful happy shades,  
Oft on your charms, will pensive memory dwell,  
Ah! native vales, ah! sweet embowering glades,  
Scenes of my youth!—a last farewell!”

Others go to distant lands, impelled by ambition, their restless spirit can suffer them to enjoy no repose; and the language of their conduct is, "Oh! that I had wings like a dove, for then would I flee away, and be at rest." They are, for ever, changing, and at the last are as far removed from happiness as when first they set out in quest of it. From this I learn the restlessness of human ambition. But, it may be asked, when this principle is seated in the mind, is there no object, on which it can operate? Oh! yes, there is something to gratify this longing desire. Long for heaven, pant after its glory and labour earnestly for meetness and preparation for that rest, which remains for the people of God. Long for heaven, for it is the land of holiness; there is nothing impure nor defiled there. Sin has never sullied it. Long for heaven, it is the abode of happiness; this arises from its holiness, for where there is no holiness, there is no happiness. All are happy in heaven. None shall ever say there, "I am sick." Every cause of sorrow shall for ever cease; "They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb, which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes." Long for heaven, it is the place, where the dispersed of Israel are gathered into one,—where the redeemed flock shall constantly abide, in the enjoyment of eternal felicities at God's right hand for evermore. There you will associate with Abraham, Isaac, Jacob, the prophets, the apostles, in a word with all those who loved Christ on earth, and closed their eyes in the sleep of death in hope of a joyful resurrection through Him.—You will then be united in the bonds of the closest affection; there will be one great feeling, one ruling passion, namely, love to Him that loved you and washed you from your sins in His blood. Long for heaven, for it is the glorious abode of God the Father, God the



Son, and God the Holy Ghost: you will then bask for ever in the sunshine of God's glory, and what crowns all, it will be eternal,—it will be your EVERLASTING HOME.

"There is an hour of peaceful rest,  
To mourning wanderers giv'n;  
There is a tear for souls distressed,  
A balm for every wounded breast—  
'Tis found above—in heav'n!"

J. C.

#### THE RESURRECTION.

Sir,—The conclusiveness of probable evidence, as contradistinguished from demonstrative, is not to be estimated by the strength of each separate argument, so that the validity of the conclusion be considered tantamount with the weakest: on the contrary, the sum-total of the evidence must be laid in the same balance, and their combined weight be made to bear upon the question. Thus, as will readily be perceived, should I adduce certain arguments in favor of the anti-millennarian view of the resurrection, in the course of succeeding papers, which may not be clear and decisive; they are not to be considered as detracting from the evidence which I hope to shew to be both decisive and clear, but as positively making some addition, however small, to the final credit of the testimony.

I have already examined briefly the scope of Daniel's vision, and having, by a plain and *unwrested* interpretation, found it eminently auxiliary to a determination of the question; I shall pass on to the next passage referred to in my last; viz. John v. 25—29.

I think it is generally confessed on both sides, that our Lord, in this remarkable discourse, spoke of two separate, distinct, but analogous resurrections; the one, of the soul from trespasses and sins (Eph. ii. 1.); the other, of the body from the slumber of the grave. The one is spiritual, the other literal. Now it must be evident that the language employed by our Lord in describing the spiritual resurrection, would be expected,

reasoning *a priori*, to be figurative; whilst that, in which he would announce a literal resurrection, would be literal. This we find to be the case. The language, moreover, in which Christ delineates the former is clearly borrowed, for the sake of effect, from the language used in the latter. Hence it is, that we hear Christ using the phrases, "the hour,"— "the dead,"— "the voice,"— "shall live," in a figurative sense, which he was immediately about to use in their literal signification. It is to be noted here that we have the same Apostle in this chapter detailing the features of two glorious resurrections, who, in the 20th of Revelation, in the midst of an array of sublime symbols, records the same Divine truths, beautifully styling the former of these "the *first* resurrection." The Saviour having now declared to the Jews the necessity of this "first resurrection" by all who would escape "the second death," goes on to lead away their minds to that "hour" when his omnipotent voice (1 Thes. 4. 16) should summon them from the tomb, to the judgment of the Son of man. Hear Christ's plain and solemn words:—"For the *hour* is coming in which *all* that are in the graves &c." Now mark the expression, "The *hour* in which *all*." When a *professed literalist* meets this text, he quietly expands the little word *hour* to 1000 years! Is this *literal* interpretation! No, sir, the gnat is strained at, and the camel is swallowed. Thus the very endeavour to establish the system proves its own destruction.

I have already said that the words employed in ver. 25 are not to be taken as explanatory of those in ver. 28, the former being figurative, the latter literal. It may then be said to me, "How do you understand the word *hour*?" I answer, Scripture is always its own interpreter. If, then, we can find parallel passages where the meaning is clear, they ought to settle its meaning in the verse before us. These are supplied in abundance. In Mat. 24. 36, our Lord speaks of the same event, "But of that day and *hour* knoweth no man."

This is the *hour* of the personal advent. Again, v. 44. "For in such an *hour* as ye think not the Son of man cometh." See Mat. ix. 22, xv. 28, xvii. 18; also Rev. iii. 3, "And thou shalt not know what *hour* I will come upon thee." The question is not, How is the word used (figuratively, with the idea of *shortness* of time,) in some passages of Scripture? but, How is it used in *parallel* passages? It is plain from those quoted, that, when used in connection with the second Advent, it answers to time *when*, and in no case to time *how long*,—to *quando?* not *quamdiu?* which completely subverts its application to the duration of 1000 years. It is hence palpable to every unprejudiced mind, that the *hour* here mentioned refers to the personal advent, when *all* that are in the graves shall hear Christ's voice, and shall come forth. What divine harmony exists between the testimony of the "man greatly beloved," and of "that disciple whom Jesus loved!" In the one we have the phrase, "*at that time*;" in the other, "*the hour is coming*;" both simple and cogent; neither leaving room for an intermediate dispensation.

#### AMICUS VERITATIS.

P. S.—As my letter last month did not appear in the *Album*, perhaps you will kindly insert this as a postscript.

I am aware that the exposition of Dan. xii. 2, as given by your correspondent "X," has been recognised by some millennarians; but I cannot agree that "most Hebraists admit such to be its signification." The Vulgate version gives it no countenance; the controverted part being exactly the same as our own English version.\* The marginal reference, moreover, in the Vulgate is to the latter part of Mat. xxv., where the final judgment is described; which settles *its* view of the passage. Had your correspondent read the annotation of the "learned Tremellius" to this verse, I presume, he would not have used *him* as a reference. Hear his lucid exposition:—"That is, *all* indeed shall arise; but many of them that rise (shall be) to life, and many to eternal death, by Christ who has become the first-fruits of them that sleep."† How conclusive this testimony of the learned Tremellius! Had I ransacked the annotations of a whole host of Hebraists, I could have found none to speak more plainly and forcibly in my behalf than Tremellius. Now my opponent admits that Tremellius perfectly understood the idiom of the language he was translating; hence, he will doubtless be startled to discover the case—"X." v. Tremellius. Allow me now to quote the learned Hebraist, Dr. Gill; whose

\* Et multi de his qui dormiunt in terræ pulvere, evigilabunt: alii in vitam æternam, et alii in opprobrium ut videant semper. VULG.

† Id est, omnes quidem resurgent; sed multi resurgentium ad vitam, et multi ad mortem æternam per Christum, qui factus est primitiæ dormientium. TREM.

authority is the more valuable as he was a noted millennarian. His comment is this—"The word *many* is used, as it signifies a multitude, Ps. xcvi. 1; and so here the innumerable multitude of the dead; and indeed the word is sometimes used for *all*; see Rom. v. 15, 19." It has been rendered, "The multitudes of them that sleep &c." I hope it is now apparent, that, whilst the statement of "X" is seriously modified, my own former conclusion is finally confirmed.

## The Cousins.

(Continued.)

So they proceeded to the drawingroom, where they found the gentlemen. Mr. Hartley was introduced to Helen; also William, as Mr. Heathcote: and what a bright ray of pleasure beamed upon his countenance when she entered: and when, during the evening, she encountered his look, where respect and admiration were blended together, she experienced a thrill of pleasure hitherto unknown to her. In the course of the evening a walk into the flower-garden was proposed, to which all gladly assented. William walked by Helen's side; and as they conversed together on various subjects, he found that she possessed a mind worthy of such a person, and thought, were he to be blessed with such a companion through life, he would regard it as one of heaven's best gifts. Their conversation turned upon the beauties of the flowers, and the delight such a place affords to persons of refined taste. William remarked that it "altogether depended upon the state of mind or feeling, whether they could enjoy it or not; and that an admirer of Nature, whether of the sublime, the picturesque, or the beautiful; the majestic roar of the cataract, the charming aspect of the enamelled meadow, the melancholy music of the bubbling brook, or the enchanting sweetness of the gay *parterre*, would discover comparatively nothing in all these to enhance any tender emotion, without that social intercourse with beloved friends so necessary to the enjoyment of life, or without the smile of one angelic companion, irradiating with peace the path of existence." Startled at the stranger's impassioned words, she was silent; but as he concluded, she cast a timid glance upon him, saying within herself, "surely you are not one of those, whose case you have so feelingly described—who can live and not be loved." Perceiving her momentary hesitation, he waved the subject, and as a passing remark enquired, whether she knew the Ashtons of "Ashton Hall." The reply was, "she did not, though nearly related to them, as Mr. A. was her Uncle, but that from certain circumstances in their family affairs, they had not, in her recollection, been on terms of intimacy." He added, "that he had the pleasure of knowing them particularly, and was sure she would find Miss A. and

her brother worthy of her esteem and friendship."

"However much," replied she, "I should desire their acquaintance—and indeed I do desire it—it is probable I shall never have that pleasure; they live at such a distance, it is unlikely that accident should throw us together, and more unlikely still that either of us will ever seek the other's acquaintance." He continued to speak of her cousins in terms of praise, especially of Emily; adding that he was sure they would regret,—should they meet at a future time—that they had not sooner sought the friendship of one so worthy to be loved. Helen blushed at the too-pointed, but sincere compliment, and William apologized for the liberty he had taken: they immediately joined the rest of the party, and all returned to the house. William soon after took his leave, with a pressing invitation to call as frequently as his other engagements would permit,—one which he resolved to accept so long as there was a probability of his meeting Helen there. On the second day after this, he dined at the Rectory, when he was introduced to Mr. Ashton. This gentleman might have been observed several times gazing with much interest in the stranger's face, which did not pass unnoticed on his part; and it occasioned an incessant trepidation lest every moment he should be recognised. When an opportunity offered, Helen's father began to talk to her about Mr. Heathcote.

"Who," said he, "is this Mr. Heathcote; where has he come from; and what is he doing in this part of the country?"

"All I know of him," she replied, "is, that he lives (as he himself told me) near Ashtor Hall, is acquainted with my Uncle's family, but said nothing of his own. For what purpose he has come here, or how long he will remain I know not; but I think a person, so accomplished and so intelligent, must move in a high circle, and be of some importance."

"He bears," said her father, "a striking resemblance

to your uncle's family, and were it not for the name, I would almost suppose him to be an Ashton. But when I recollect,—he must be some relation of the family, for Mrs. Ashton's name was Heathcote: thus we may account for the likeness." \* \* \* \* \*

(*To be continued.*)

### SENTENCES.

We shall soon have done with this present state: the fleeting character of life is not perceived, till we contemplate the remnant. Nor is it known as a medium through which mutability and death are reflected, till we see *ourselves* reflected from this great mirror as changing perishing creatures. The next state will be a mirror of pure life: we shall see essential life reflected from all the glorified body of the elect in Christ for ever.

The Lord preserves his own to his everlasting kingdom—no greater miracle—keep a taper alight in a tempest, exposed to all its violence, without any thing to protect it, and you see the power that is put forth in the preservation of spiritual life in our souls.

I admire more and more the riches of that grace which preserves us not only *from* all sin, but *in* it. For we cannot answer that an unholy thought may not spring up to defile our souls, in the most peaceful and heavenly state in which it is possible for us to be! All Hell may rise up, and try to league our minds against the most pure and blessed thought of God, and His grace with which we are at the moment favoured.

The moment the living God lays his hand on us—falling—perishing—but only *in* the mortal part; and that for a short period; reserved, and to be re-constructed for glory in the purpose of God: but as to the immortal part, which cannot be suspended in its operations, much less cease to be; what but the love and power of a covenant God, prevents that from being bowed down and crushed by sin and Satan, makes it rise against all pressure, derive fresh strength from assaults on its

weakness, go on its unseen but heaven-directed way rejoicing, until it stand before its God in Zion.

All God's chosen ones have, and are known to each other more or less, by having had soul-transactions with the living God.

The greater part of men, even in a religious aspect, are engaged in looking out for a substitute for God. This substitute, will always be according to the light with which they are surrounded, and the circumstances in which they are placed.

Vicarius

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HOME.

What is it that doth so entwine  
Around this spell-bound heart of mine,  
And towards itself each wish incline?  
My happy home.

With lovely scenery around,  
Wealth, peace, and comfort all abound—  
How is it that my thoughts are found,  
Often at home?

When beauteous nature would beguile  
My centred thoughts with winning smile;  
Why please her charms but for a while?  
It is not home.

But home's sweet pleasures I'd forego,  
To be a sojourner below;  
An exile here—yet, who *shall* know?  
A heavenly home.

To feel affections rise above,  
(When clinging ties of earthly love  
Would chain me down,) and thus to prove  
Earth's not my home.

To feel that *blessed hope* within,  
And when I've done with toil and sin,  
Then, nor till then, I shall begin  
To live at home.

To hope when *Christ* shall come again,  
A full release from death's domain;  
And with Him live, and with Him reign,  
Ever at home.

Such hopes as these will surely cheer,  
In every state while I am here;  
Then pass thro' death without a fear,  
To such a home.

Elm Lodge.

M. M. H.

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# THE ALBUM.

No. 11. FEBRUARY 1849.

## Winter.

In witnessing the various vicissitudes in the revolution of one short year, the most incidental observer of the operations of Providence, is constrained to mark the connexion which exists between the ever-varying state of nature, and the promise given to the faithful "preacher of righteousness," above four thousand years ago,—“While the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night shall not cease.”

When we behold the forest divested of its foliage,—the leaves of the majestic oak, and sturdy beech, commingled with the less significant covering of the brushwood, whirling and rustling to be promiscuously deposited in one common heap by the rude blast of closing Autumn; then is seen the approach of Winter; then is a foretaste of the stern reality of that which immediately succeeds. But that forest, which, but a few weeks since, was most beautiful to behold, is now a mute witness of the ravaging influence of a sullen and merciless North-wind, rushing along with intense keenness, and leaving nought in its track, save the spectrum of nakedness and death. Those vales also, which so recently were covered with flocks, presenting the most cheering picture of activity and life, are now a forsaken waste; and the frowning mountains exhibit no greater signs of beauty or fertility, than imagination inclines us to conclude was mani-



fested by the gloomy mass of chaos, before "the herb yielding seed" was, by the word of an Almighty Being, produced for the future sustenance of man and beast.

But a still more marked indication of Winter is the tiny brook—which naturally winds its way peacefully down the mountain's brow—now swollen into a frightful flood; overwhelming huge rocks; rolling violently on, over projecting cliffs; and hastening to come into contact with the still more maddened billows of the deep. In this world of raging foam, the hardy mariner in vain endeavours to manage his tottering bark, amid the appalling greatness of the surges which sweep over its deck, and which threaten every moment to engulf it in the troubled abyss. But, at last, depending on a feeble hope of safety, he suffers his exhausted vessel to be driven on some neighbouring shore, where, by the united violence of the wind and waves, it is dashed to pieces.

Neither is this alone indicative of the desolating and dreary character of Winter.

During this season, all nature is, as it were, shut up. Not an insect is to be seen. But the few which survive the first icy breath of Winter, are taught by the God of the seasons to provide against its chill and numbing blasts. Not a beast to be seen on the hills,—save in the shelter of some crag, flocks may be discovered hoarded together; as if, for a time, nature taught them to find a substitute for the satisfying of their inward cravings, in the defence of their exterior from the pitiless influence of the elements.

And where is all the vegetable kingdom? Where the gentle flower, which, a few short months since, smiled in presence of that orb which now scarcely appears above the horizon; lifting its head, as it were, in grateful acknowledgment of those rays without which it could not live? Its beauty is gone. Its sweet fragrance no longer fills the surrounding air.

Its gentle stem is withered—it has disappeared. It is Winter! The remains of it are wrapped up in snow. It is firmly bound in the earth by the frost. Here let us wonder at, and admire the goodness of God. Those frosts and snows that bind the earth and impart a gloomy aspect to the face of nature, are the very means which He has ordained for the preservation of those flowers which decorate the earth, and those herbs which are requisite for the maintenance of the creatures that He has formed. They likewise qualify and prepare the ground for the reception of that grain, which the genial warmth and gentle showers of the returning Spring will cause to grow up into luxuriant crops. God gives us the seasons for the purpose of causing man to know his works. Winter is but a special page of the book of God. Snow is his handwriting. He sendeth forth his ice for the express purpose of teaching man a lesson of dependence upon Him; and that the disposal, no less than the preservation of all things is his peculiar prerogative. Considering this a fit emblem of frail, changing man, how does it become all, while it is yet spring, to prepare for the Winter, to which indeed few arrive. But when the hoary frost of impartial Time leaves his passing mark on all who attain the end of the year; then alas! is too often seen the sad effects of an ill spent spring. When, unlike the industrious bee, and frugal emmet—those less important and noble, but, in too many cases, more exemplary of God's works—man has wasted the prime of his days,—that time which has been given him to prepare for the last short season of the year, he feels with dismay the cold winds, and nipping frosts of adversity.

But a well-spent spring, will be succeeded by a peaceful Winter, and as frost causes a piece of clay to become more brittle than before; so the grace of God expands our hearts and souls in the cold atmosphere of this world, and prepares them for all the seeds of gentleness and love.

J. S.

"WATCH AND PRAY."

My soul! thou art not wise,  
To slight God's warning word:  
There is no other sacrifice,  
But the Incarnate Lord.

My soul! thou art not wise,  
To build upon the sand;  
Though 't seem a goodly edifica,  
The Floods it cannot stand.

My soul! thou art not wise,—  
Go, seek the living Rock;  
Though but a lowly cot arise,  
'Twill stand the fiercest shock.

My soul! thou art not wise,  
To seek thy bliss below;  
Forgetful of the glorious prize,  
That Jesus will bestow.

My soul! thou art not wise,—  
Press forward in the race:  
May Faith each trifling joy despise,  
That would impede thy pace.

My soul! thou art not wise,  
Beholding things now seen,  
Where Satan oft, in subtle guisa,  
Broods o'er th' enchanting scene.

My soul! thou art not wise,—  
Go, seek a purer light;  
Pray to the Lord to ope thine eyes,  
That thou mayest see aright.

My soul! thou art not wise,  
Striving in thine own might;  
For Christ alone the strength supplies  
That conquers in the fight.

My soul! thou art not wise,—  
Go, take the Spirit's sword;  
Salvation's banner o'er thee flies—  
Thy Captain is the Lord.

My soul! thou then art wise,<sup>1</sup>  
When prostrate at His throne:  
Thou dost all other help despise,  
And trustest Him alone.

HORACE HUMMEL.

THE RESURRECTION.

Sir,—The mysterious equation  $A. V. = "X."$  plus "Z." being proposed, I must proceed, according to algebraical rule, "to find the value of X."

Whilst I have great pleasure in subscribing to the sentiment of your correspondent, that the resurrection (in common with every other Scripture Doctrine,) is more for "food than speculation;" still, to temper any unqualified despatch of controversy, I must remind your intelligent readers, that one of the most argumentative chapters in the range of Paul's argumentative epistles is concerning the resurrection. Would! that some of us could kindle at the flame of this controversial Apostle. If the cause of truth demands controversy, we should not shrink from it.\*

Junius and Tremellius, favourite referees, are now

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\* "I have sometimes thought, that it is not absolutely impossible to make even the stern face of controversy wear a smile, and to reap some valuable fruit from the rugged furrows of disputation." HERVEY.

summarily dispatched. How natural it is to give our friends the rebuff when they tell us our faults too plainly. I seem to have been at fault in denominating X.'s rendering of Dan. xii. 2. an "exposition." It is true, I might have bestowed upon it an appellation more descriptive, but far less complimentary. I thank your correspondent for his candour in changing "most" into "many." Indeed I was inclined to consider it a mere *lapsus stili*. Might I suggest as a still farther improvement—"very few Hebraists?" If I am not mistaken, Mr. Bickersteth can only rake up *one* Rabbi (of no great eminence) to favor that rendering. The whole weight of authority concentrates in the brain of this poor Rabbi.

I happened to know that the 'concordances' in the Vulgate were not added until after the time of Clement VIII.; but this is of small moment to me, being no worshipper of *antiquity*, except that of the Bible. All else I consider the "*adulterum quodcunque posterius*" of Tertullian. The reference is in the authorized Vulgate; and whether suggested by Jerome, Sixtus, Clement, or neither, I delay not to question. "X." thinks the reference unhappy, as "Mat. xxv. does not appear to contain a single word concerning the resurrection at all; but to be an account of the judgment of the living." That is, it is not the judgment of quick and dead. Read the last verse,—"*These shall go away into everlasting punishment; but the righteous into life eternal.*" This not the final judgment? Candid millennarian, does your system require such a sacrifice? This is the great bulwark of the doctrine of the eternity of rewards and punishments. But no matter, millennarianism is at stake, and it must be sacrificed! Oh, tamper not with Scripture. "Let God be true, and every man a liar!" Ah! as the damned take that last farewell of the righteous, departing in despair to "*everlasting punishment*;" and as the righteous, in the rapture of glory, take possession of the kingdom

prepared of old, entering upon "life *eternal*,"—say, is it not the final judgment? Is it not that closing scene when time has breathed his last? The succeeding state is eternal, eternal!

Your correspondent draws our attention from the question of the resurrection to that of the pre-millennial advent. I am unwilling to dismiss one subject unfinished, for the sake of another; though I might easily prove that too great stress is laid upon the command "Watch;" and that it has merely a secondary reference to the personal advent. For the present I will turn inquirer and ask:—(1) Did not the Apostles begin to *watch* from the very hour in which Christ ascended into heaven? (2) Did not the Apostles believe that Christ's predictions would be fulfilled previous to his coming? see Matt. xxiv. 14, xxviii. 19; also 2 Peter iii. 3. (3) Did they not perfectly know that the Gospel would not be preached to all nations in one hour? (4) Was not watching quite compatible *then* with their knowledge of his still distant coming? (5) On the same principle, is it not compatible *now* with our belief in the post-millennial Advent?

As a parting word,—I must express my admiration of the spirit in which X's letter was dictated. I trust I have not failed in my endeavour to imitate it. I grieve to find some, who ought to know better, disclaiming all fellow-feeling with the infirmities of humanity, and renouncing fellowship with a brother, because he will not—cannot, in obsequious compliance, measure himself by their standard of dogmatisms. Though we cannot persuade each other, surely it is not necessary that we walk no more together.

#### *Reply to the Queries of "Z."*

So far from treating your questions and yourself as an airy "nothing,"—a presumption which, permit me to say, grates in my ears as somewhat ungenerous—I have attached to both that importance, which they peculiarly merit. The result of my investigation of the

subject I now lay before you; and as my satisfactory or unsatisfactory answering of your ingenious questions seems to be one great hinge on which your future opinions will turn, I am already flushed with anticipated success.

You set out under quite a false impression as to my former statements, no doubt from inadvertency. You think that such phrases as "arise *from* the dead" are opposed to my views, forgetful that I hold as strongly as you do, that "the dead in Christ shall rise first;" as you may see by a glance at a former letter. Hence, taking such texts even in the sense which you attribute to them, they are of service to prove that the righteous will have the *priority*; but they are powerless to prove that 1000 years will intervene between the resurrection of righteous and wicked.

But (brand me not as uncourteous, if I say, that) you appear to me to strain such passages beyond their natural and intended meaning. "*From* the dead," you consider equivalent to "*from among* the dead." Let us try whether this be correct. See Mat. iii. 9, "For I say unto you, God is able of these stones to raise up children unto Abraham." The Greek is, "*from* these stones;" the very form of expression as that to which you refer, '*from* the dead.' Now the meaning plainly is, not that '*from among* these stones' children could be raised, but that God could completely change the nature of the stones themselves, and (as an able Divine quaintly explains it) 'of stones make men.'\*

So it does not mean that the righteous will be raised *from among* the wicked (though this is true); but

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\* It is the very same misunderstanding of this word *from*, making it mean *from among*, or *out of*, that leads to the error regarding Dan. xii. 2.

This passage, as every Hebrew scholar knows, is literally—"Multitudes *from sleeping* (Heb. *Miyyoshunay*), in the earth of dust shall awake." Now, it is absurd to say that *from* here means *from among*. The real force is, that "multitudes (viz. all) shall awake from sleeping, or from being asleep." When literally and fairly rendered, the force of the passage is irresistible. It was so to Junius and Tremellius, when they translated it "ex dormientibus;" and so Pagninus (confessedly the prince of translators), when he rendered it "Multi dormientes in terra," "Many sleeping in the earth &c."

that living bodies will be raised from dead ones, just as "children" could be raised from "stones." The same may be argued from Mat. xxvii. 29 and 53, Eph. v. 14. Whether you receive this interpretation or not, remember, my position remains untouched.

You have fallen into an error in stating your next objection, which involves the whole difficulty. You ask, "Why is it said, 'The resurrection to life, *and* the resurrection to damnation?'" Now you make *and* couple the wrong members of the sentence. In the way you state it, there is implied a plurality of resurrections: but if you examine the text again, you will find that the true connexion is, "They that have done good, *and* they that have done evil,"—a plurality of *classes* partaking of the resurrection.

Again, "A resurrection of the dead, *both* of the just and unjust." This is a powerful text in my favor. As before, *both* couples the the two *classes*, "just and unjust," but not a word of two resurrections.

Is it not pleasing to you, that these imaginary difficulties have so speedily vanished? In truth, they are the Palladium of the anti-millennarian city.

AMIGUS VERITATIS.

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THE ATMOSPHERE :  
*Its Nature and Advantages.*

(Concluded.)

*Vegetables* have two tendencies, the one to purify the air; the other, to render it hurtful. Philosophers tell us that plants exposed to the sun's influence renew and correct the air that has been corrupted by the breathing of animals; but when placed out of his influence, they vitiate it to the destruction of life. They are said to contribute to the support of vitality by day; and by night to give off azotic air, which has a poisonous effect. But Divine wisdom has properly established a due medium by which the one cannot injure the other, and by which the existence of both is preserved.

The atmosphere also furnishes us with *morning and*

*evening twilight*, without which only that part of the sky would appear light, where the sun was more immediately placed, and if a person should but turn his back, the heavens would appear in darkness, and every little orb which rules the midnight sky would become distinctly visible. But this is counteracted by the atmosphere, which reflects, or throws back the rays of light upon the earth, with such a brilliancy as to obscure these twinkling spheres, and cause the heavens to shine with splendour, even after the sun has completed his diurnal course, and sunk beneath our horizon. Morning twilight begins when the sun is 18 deg. below the Eastern horizon, and becomes more distinct until he appears above it; and evening twilight ends when he has gone the same number of degrees below the Western horizon, when stars of the sixth magnitude make their appearance. To us the advantages of the twilight may appear but trifling, because we have never experienced the sun's continual absence: but to those who inhabit the dreary plains of Spitzbergen, amid the wastes of Borean snows, and dark domains of desolation, the utility of it can be fully appreciated.

From considering the atmosphere as one of God's gifts, we cannot but admire the wisdom and goodness of Him who hath arranged all things most advantageously for the good of his creatures. "The heavens declare his glory, and the firmament sheweth his handiwork." All things are in regular symmetry, and nothing is made defective. When we examine any of His works, we must see a Deity residing in the midst of the universe, and cheering ubiquity with his presence,—directing the wheels of nature in their proper course, and propelling her machinery with the nicest exactness, without a break or chink to disturb the silent magnificence. The roblest works of art, with what a jarring progress do they move; but here all is silent harmony: the sun, the source of light and heat, around whose centre every planet wheels



its orb, in time proportioned to its distance ; the earth, wrapt in a thin, pellucid substance, which with its motion turns, the nature and uses of which we have attempted to describe ; the boundless ocean, earth's enricher ; the mountains which arise to give a current to the waters ; the cooling breezes which replenish earth with vigour ; and unnumbered blessings besides,—all admonish us of His wisdom, care, and love, who delights in dispensing various portions of happiness through the amazing system of created nature.

PHILOSOPHUS.

*(To the Editor.)*

Dear Sir,—In pursuing the examination of the geological formations, we find the Oolite lying upon the Lias, in an inclined position. The Oolite is marked by extensive and well defined stratification : each division of which is furnished with its peculiar fossil remains. The ammonite of the Lias here gives place to other specimens of the same family, and its reptiles begin to be exchanged for vertebrated animals of higher order. We have in this formation, a skeleton, found in no other division of the earth's surface. It enjoyed its existence whilst the mass of rock known in Oxfordshire as the Stones-field slate, was deposited ; but after that period was known no more.

Lying upon the Oolite strata is found the Chalk, containing echinites, fishes, teeth, and numberless shells of different character to those of the preceding formations. The Chalk is a lacustrine deposit, and has, within its bed, many layers of flints. These flints fill up the interstices of many of the echinites and shells, and thus evidence the latest origin.

As the chalk formation is the deposit of a lake, it is shaped, as may well be supposed, like a basin or dish. In its hollow lies the mass known to geologists as the London Clay ; and this contains shells differing from those of the chalk, tropical fruits and plants, and animal remains.

I have noticed the great geological divisions of this kingdom cursorily ; were I to particularize you would indeed be tired of the subject, this would be the case also, were I to enumerate the animal remains. Suffice it to say, that vestiges of nearly all the animals which at the present time exist in *all* latitudes, are found in our island, entombed in the various strata of the latter formations. For instance, of the elephant (now only found in warmer climates,) above one hundred and fifty specimens have been dug up in Suffolk alone.

Since our brief notice of the lias formation in my last letter, the same features are still presented to us. The different strata of the oolite—the pterodactyle of Stonesfield—the basin of chalk—its layers of flint—the London clay—its tropical plants and fruits—and the elephantine remains of Suffolk, all bespeak a series of adaptations, and a continual change.

I am aware, Mr. Editor, that the superficial inquirer into nature's wonders will account to himself for all these appearances, by the assertion, that these remains were buried at the universal deluge, when "the fountains of the great deep were broken up," to destroy "all in whose nostrils was the breath of life."

But such answer, Mr. Editor, will not satisfy the deeply thinking mind. It will propose the further questions. Where are then the bones of man, his dwellings, his utensils, or his arms ? How comes it that the waters of the flood washed these shells into the very heart of the solid rock ? And, if these remains were then entombed, Why are they buried by families ? Why is each fossil confined to its locality, the lizards to the lias, the pterodactyle to the oolite, the tropical fruits to the London clay, and the bones of the elephant to the crag ?

I should like to say a little more upon this portion of my subject, but my letter will be running to too great a length. A few such queries as the above will show to the real enquirer, that these fossil phenomena have

other origin than the waters of the Divinely recorded Deluge, and I shall leave it to the patient examiners of nature's wonders to decide for themselves whether these remains are not the evidence of creative Power exerted at intervals, throughout long periods of time, and their sepulture the result of the long continued action of those laws which the Great First Cause ordained, at the beginning, to govern matters; which rule it in our day, and which will regulate it to the end of time.

I shall now give you a short description of one of the entombed wonders of nature, and of some of the buried works of man, and shall conclude the letter by applying the same argument to both.

*(To be continued.)*

### **The Cousins.**

*(Concluded.)*

She cast her eyes to the ground and made no reply; but her father easily perceived that there was a struggle within; and having waited for, and receiving no answer, at length he said; "What say you Helen?"

"My dear father," said she, "how can I love one whom I have never seen?"

"But if you find him all you could desire?" "Then as a brother I shall regard him, but I fear more is beyond *my* power. I shall ask guidance from on High."

"Then you think the request unreasonable?" "My dear father, I have already acted foolishly,—I have concealed from you what you ought to have known, and every answer I give you, stings me deeper and deeper. But I will now confess all."

She then confided every circumstance to him with unwavering precision; and he discovered with concealed pleasure that her affections were all but irrevocably fixed upon no other than her cousin. This had already been his surmise; and he had recourse to the above means of sounding her on the subject, and being convinced of its reality they proceeded to the a-

partment where their friends impatiently awaited them. But her feelings had to go through the same feverish ordeal, as her father's had before, (only circumstantially heightened), when she beheld Mr. Heathcote and cousin Ashton, two in one. The first paroxysm of bewilderment being over,—she then began very rationally to consider all deception, and look upon it all as trickery, until a brief explanation brought her to an equilibrium.

Her father thought he might then safely indulge in a little sweet cruelty, and informed his nephew with mock seriousness, that his proposal and entreaties seemed entirely a failure, “for it is impossible she can look upon you in any other light than that of a dear friend or brother, as her affections are engaged to a gentleman who about a month ago was a visitor in the neighbourhood.” William’s countenance by no means betrayed a comfortable feeling at the preamble, but the winding-up of the story gave him the utmost satisfaction. Helen appeared vexed and looked beseechingly at her father, who managed the jest with such tact, that they were all thrown into a fit of merriment.

But, dear reader, you have long since chalked out for yourself with great exactness the course of my narrative; and chuckling at the writer’s simplicity, you have more than once said,—Oh! we have got here the skeleton of a novel,—a precious bundle of sentimentalisms: the whole coat of paint will surely not be lost for want of a little varnish at the last: yes, I see—we are going to have a sublime finish—a *denouement*, in fact, worthy of a—a—love-tale!

What a dignified soliloquy! What a consequential smile! An index of much experience!

Well now, to enhance your benignity, without flattering your nice discrimination, allow me to inform you, that you have mistaken my object from first to last. The truth is, to be faithful to my sketch, I had

no option in the introduction of characters, such as might have given a relish to the monotony of narrative. I could not bring forward any deceitful or revengeful rival, against whom to vent your honest indignation; no scene to harrow your tender feelings; no perilous adventure to warp you in maddened excitement; no supernatural resignation under persecuted innocence, to squeeze out tears of sympathy; no enthusiastic expressions of untameable passion such as would disgrace the noblest mind;—these are the riches of the drama and the novel, and to these I willingly make a present of them. I have introduced to you two brothers, alienated by an unworthy occasion, and reconciled through the worthiest instrumentality, their own children. I was not at liberty to deviate from the simple cogency of narrative, for the sake of fictitious colouring or fancied embellishments. Take it as you find it and be satisfied. I am going to leave you and it at what some may call a critical period: but in drawing a veil over the minutiae of succeeding details, I do not deny you the liberty of indulging in your own speculations, keeping mind to weigh possibilities against probabilities.

Not long after this, Mr. Hartley was inducted into a valuable living, obtained through the interest of Mrs. Hartley's friend Helen; and the faithfulness with which he preached the doctrines of the Gospel, exemplifying their influence in his own life and conversation was more than reward for the kindness of his benefactor.

Emily longed to see Helen, and with a joyous heart accompanied her brother shortly after to Woodvale; and each found in the other more to love than even they had anticipated. It would have rejoiced you to see that circle of friends; for a happier family did not exist than the inmates of Woodvale. Indeed they always after considered themselves one family. Yet in their days of prosperity and enjoyment, they never forgot their Bountiful Benefactor that Almighty

Being to whom they owed all their blessings and comforts ; nor did they live without expectation of those troubles without and within which must be turned up in the chequered scenes of life. To say that their happiness was never marred by any of the crosses to which humanity is subjected, would be a disregard of universal experience ; but to say that they enjoyed that peace which the world can neither impart nor withdraw, is to speak within the bounds of truth.

Farewell, dear reader ; may you enjoy that inward peace with which God's own flock only are blessed, and which produced those serene countenances that distinguished the circle of Woodvale.

They seemed to live in one another's smile,—  
Yet no—not that alone ; they sought for more,  
And higher aimed ; they lived, or wished to live  
For this, and for another world beside.

#### SENTENCES.

Believers look at the Lord Jesus Christ through the windows of his word and ordinances, and see him, as through a glass darkly and partly ; but the Lord opens the windows of heaven, to look upon them ; and as Noah opened the window of the ark to receive the dove, so the Lord opens, and none can shut ; to receive his doves which fly unto him for refuge ; and to receive their souls from death, for ever.


As David saith, Ps. cxvi. 13 ; so we take the cup of salvation to the wells of salvation, and call upon the name of the Lord : for he saith, ask, and ye shall receive, that your joy may be full, John xvi. 24 : thus with joy we draw water out of the wells of salvation, while our cup runneth over (Ps. xxiii. 5) with gratitude and love.

Our past life was in the works of the flesh ; our present life is in the fruit of the Spirit ; but, our life to come will be in all the fulness of God.

Our conversation should adorn our doctrine, for it is our garment to keep white : men will detect us by it, as the servants did Peter ; it should be in heaven,

for there our Father is, and it should be of Christ, for he is the end of it, as Moses and Elias discoursed in the holy mount. Heb. xiii. 7.

There are three degrees of holy walking to the believer; first, walking after the Spirit (Rom. viii. 1) which is, minding the things of the Spirit; next, there is a walking in the Spirit, which is being spiritually minded; and thirdly, there is a walking in the comfort of the Holy Ghost, and being multiplied with every blessing which is in Christ Jesus our Lord, which is being in the holy mount, being full of the Holy Ghost, and is preceded with a holy fear. Acts ix. 31.

 We beg to remind our friends and contributors, that **THE ALBUM** will be concluded next month.

**On Ellen's Grave.**

She is gone, she is gone, to the dark house of sorrow,  
And o'er her lone ashes the wild flowers bloom;  
Her bright sun is now set, but can ne'er on the morrow  
Relumine the dull, dreary night of the tomb.

Those who loved her may sigh, but 'tis vain to deplore her,  
Love buds but to blossom, and flowers to decay;  
Many worthy as she trod this mansion before her,  
And tears, like the dewdrops, have fall'n where they lay.

The soft beams of true friendship—of love, may have vanished,  
The endearments of life may have sunk from our view;  
Yet nature still seeks for its object though vanished,  
And sympathy weeps at the voice of "adieu!"

To repress an emotion for virtue unblended—  
For youth and mild innocence nipt in their prime,  
Would be blasting a principle Heaven intended  
To flourish immortal, unbounded by Time.

She has gone to the grave but before us a season,  
The gay world's false show she has passed, to despise;  
Her transit was speedy,—but not without reason;  
For Heaven hath ordained that humanity dies.

She hath gone to that home where no partings can sever  
The heart from an object it long wished to save;  
The portals of death she hath passed through for ever,  
And soared into light through the gloom of the grave.

A. T.

## THE ALBUM.

No. 12. MARCH 1849.

**LATEINOS:** *The Solution of St. John's Enigma: Also a necessary refutation of all existing hypotheses in Hebrew, Arabic, Greek, Latin, French, English, &c. by the establishment of Lateinos. By the Rev. Reginald Rabett, M. A. London: W. E. Painter. 1849.*

The pens of the *modern fashionable school* of prophetic expositors are prolific in an extraordinary degree. Volume after volume, of various grades of merit, is turned out to the world each vying with its predecessor in the romantic wildness of its contents, the exciting character of its announcements, and the hollowness of its glossy assumptions. But, "*rapidus vorat æquore vortex.*" Men's passions are unfortunately more easily captivated than their reasoning powers exercised; and the consequence is, that by those classes of individuals who have been accustomed to allow their *active* to tyrannize over their *intellectual* powers, these attractive doctrines are greedily gulped, and

"Flesh soaks them up as sponge does water."

The Futurist theory is perhaps one of the most dangerous propounded by these rhetoricating divines; which, by maintaining that not one particle of the Book of Revelation has yet been fulfilled, goes far to screen the abominations of Popery from the blaze of Scripture, negatively vindicates her blasphemous claims, and leads us to believe that the great "Whore of Babylon" has yet to make her appearance. That such a belief is a



fearful delusion the volume before us abundantly demonstrates; and as it is a powerful antidote against these Futurizing poisons, we strongly recommend it to the notice of our readers. Mr. Rabett clearly identifies the Roman Pontiff with the "Man of sin and Son of Perdition" of Paul, and with the "Lamb-horned" and "Dragon-speaking wild Beast" of the Apocalypse; whose appellative name is elaborately proved over and over again to be *Lateinos*, and *nothing else*.

We admire the fearlessness with which Mr. Rabett meets and prostrates an adversary. There are here no idle conjectures, but opinions formed deliberately, stated confidently, and supported incontestably. Our author is not satisfied with laying his literary antagonist at his feet—he gives him no quarter, but continues to deal out his deadly thrusts until all recovery is hopeless. The style of the work may be irksome to a learned reader, from a tendency to superfluous repetition; though to ourselves it appears to bear the impress of a writer who has studied Euclid, as well as his Bible, to some practical purpose. The book possesses one mighty advantage for general readers—it does not overwhelm them with a muddy flood of human learning, but triumphantly ratifies the great Scripture truth, that "he who runneth may read." Nevertheless, Mr. Rabett can unsheath, when necessary, a sharp and polished weapon of classic, patristic, and historic lore, to cut down a high-sounding antagonist. After this fashion, he deals with Dr. Thom and the Rev. G. Faber, with a "host of others," from whom he differs as to the name of the Beast; and with the Rev. E. B. Elliott, who is proved to be wrong in introducing a supernumerary Head, and to have antedated the rise of the "ten horns" above two centuries to the actual rise of the ten-horned Beast. Mr. Rabett administers a sharp rebuke to Mr. Bickersteth and his school by a few comprehensive arguments which he sums up in a sarcasm, the justice of which moderates its severity: "It appears to me only

reasonable (he says), that those persons who sincerely believe in and propagate the doctrine of a *speedy* personal pre-millennial Advent and literal kingdom of Christ ought to go to Jerusalem and tarry there till this promise be fulfilled, *if it be*, in reality, *as Scripturally evident* as they wish *others* to believe upon *their* testimony." On the whole, Mr. Rabett's new work is characterized by a real spirit of Protestantism, an honest candour, and a noble exercise of polemical sagacity,—all of which render it worthy to outlive thousands of massy volumes that make far higher pretensions to immortality.

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TO "AMICUS VERITATIS."

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Sir,—My best acknowledgments are due to you for the consideration of my questions, and for your kindness in pointing out my errors. I was not altogether unmindful that you admit *a priority*, but it is of that nature which admits not of a *posteriority*. Since however you remind me of your belief in the text "The dead in Christ shall rise first," I cannot refrain from observing that to me such an admission appears contradictory to the assertion, that there is but one resurrection. If the dead in Christ (or the just) rise *first*, the other dead or the unjust must rise afterwards. Is not this succeeding event the *second*? and, though I believe in a thousand years interlapse, yet it does not *necessarily* require that space to constitute the fact of two resurrections. As there is so much in Scripture to favour a first and a second resurrection, I must still maintain that view instead of confining the plurality to *classes* only; but as in either case the *first* is to be desired, may we each be looking forward with the full assurance of hope that we may be partakers of that *first* resurrection whatever may be its meaning.

I greatly admire your triumphal entry into your strong city, the conquering hero of "imaginary difficul-

ties" and while I leave you in the happy possession of the Palladium you claim, mine be the privilege to differ from you and remain, Your friend, Z.

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TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—In these days of increasing light and knowledge, and also at a time when the *profession* of religion is so fashionable and the *form* of godliness so predominant it is important that the Christian should consider and see wherein his great strength lieth, and on what he rests his hope for complete Salvation. If he look to himself he finds he is guilty and weak having destroyed himself; he cannot hope in God as a God of *power* only for that will destroy the sinner; nor in God as a God of love only for his love cannot rest upon the transgressor; neither will the holiness or the justice of God afford any ground for hope, unless he looks to the cross of Christ. There he will find love and power, mercy and truth, righteousness and peace are sweetly blended and all available for him; and though Christ was crucified in *weakness*, yet it was the weakness of *God*, and able to overcome and subdue the mighty strength and obdurate opposition of man, and be unto him the power of God unto *salvation*.

It is not to the Jews alone that Christ crucified is a stumbling-block: there are many others who fear lest they should suffer persecution for the cross of Christ: to such the name Christian though often given, does not properly belong.

From the following circumstances I have been led to think, that, even among Christians there are some who do not make it their *glory* as did Paul. A short time ago a company of believers (about ten in number) met at the house of a friend for the purpose of reading and conversing on the Scriptures; the portion read was 1 Cor. i. the verses more particularly considered were the 22nd and 2 following. One of the party wished to draw the attention of the rest to the words "But we

preach Christ *crucified* but his wish was overruled by another (who from his age and experience was looked up to as a father among them) remarking that it referred of course to the atonement and added "we all believe in that" and thus without further comment they passed over that clause. At the close of the evening one of them said to the younger brother "I was disappointed that more has not been said on Christ crucified" "Yes" said he with much warmth "I could have spent the whole evening on that alone," and observed further how much we are opposed to the doctrine in our hearts ; to this the other assented with experimental feeling remarking "too many are like the chief priests who cried 'let Christ come down from the cross and we will believe him;' they would like to be saved, but not by the blood of Christ." These and similar remarks made by two whose minds seemed to be actuated by the same vital principle led me to consider the matter more attentively and to feel that it is important to come to the determination of Paul, to "know nothing (comparatively) but Jesus Christ and him *crucified*." The highest point of attainment on Earth is the foot of the cross, it raises the soul above all the pleasures, temptations, or trials of this world; and it is beyond the power of either men or devils to pluck away even the *weakest* of those who cling to it. Krummacher says,\* "A *holy Saviour*, a *divine Saviour*, an *exalted* and *glorified Saviour*. Such a Saviour they (our enemies) would leave with us a thousand times, could they but rob us of the *One* that was *crucified*. It is against *Him* that all their arrows of scorn and derision are directed. To cause us to disesteem and condemn *such a Saviour*—this is all their endeavour."

If an humble dependence on a crucified Saviour, raises the soul so high, who can tell what it will be to reign with a *glorified* Saviour, to be *like* Him, to see him as he is, and to sit with him on his throne?

O christians lose not sight of your high privileges ; glory in the cross ; rally round this your standard, be-

\* "A Glance into the Kingdom of Heaven." p. 35.

ing sure of victory. While many are so deluded as to glory in the *form* of a cross, or in a cross of their own imposing, such as penances, fleshy mortifications &c, and think thereby to merit heaven, and others imagine that their good deeds and amiable intentions will be a sufficient passport without a cross, let the followers of the Lamb count all things but loss for Christ and rejoice in being made conformable to his death, and in being counted worthy to suffer shame for his name.

In conclusion allow me to add that this is not written for the perusal of the critic, but the Christian, to whose mind the subject is precious, though it appear in a rough style, and without the flourishes of the pen of a ready writer. In the hope that such is the character of your readers, I remain, Sir, yours sincerely,

A CORRESPONDENT,

*To the Editor of the Album.*

Sir,—It is not my wish to attempt any further examination of the objections (untenable though I deem them) which have from time to time been brought against the literal scheme of prophetic interpretation, in the columns of your journal; but rather, with your kind permission, to refer very briefly to a passage of Holy Scripture which is, to my own mind, as clear a proof of the doctrine of our Lord's pre-millennial advent, as any passage of Scripture can be of any doctrine whatever. I do not, however, believe that *any* doctrine rests upon a solitary passage, or chapter, or even book of the sacred canon. The great promise of Christ's coming in power and glory runs like a golden thread through the *whole* of God's word, and many are the passages, both of the old testament and the new, which point to the relative period of that coming.

The passage to which I refer is the second chapter of the 2nd epistle to the Thessalonians. An opinion seems to have arisen in that church that the day of

Christ was *at hand* ;\* an error which St. Paul, instructed by the Spirit of truth, rectifies in the chapter under consideration. But *how* does he do so? Does he tell them of an intervening spiritual reign,—a millennium of holiness and happiness? Ah no! but of the mystery of iniquity working even then, of a falling away from the faith, and of the revelation of a Man of Sin, the son of perdition,—that Wicked One whom the Lord shall consume with the spirit of His mouth, and destroy with the brightness of His coming.

Whether we suppose this dreadful prediction to apply to an idolatrous church, or to an individual Antichrist yet to be revealed, one thing is indisputable, namely, that the Apostle contemplated no thousand years of blessedness before the coming of our Lord.

I am well aware that there are many who attempt to evade the force of this argument by arbitrarily placing what they term a spiritual interpretation upon the phrase “the brightness of His coming,” but surely no humble-minded reader of the Bible, unless unconsciously prejudiced by a traditional interpretation, can doubt for a moment that it is the *same* coming which is spoken of throughout the epistle. The assertion which is sometimes made that the 8th verse is a figurative description of the triumph of divine grace in the conversion of wicked men, is sufficiently disproved by a simple reference to the passage to which St. Paul unquestionably refers, viz., Isa. xi. 4., and to another parallel passage, Isa. xxx. 28, 30.

Although the doctrine of Christ’s coming to reign must stand or fall by the infallible word of God alone, it may not be improper to remind those who oppose it, that it was maintained by the primitive church almost

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\* From the tense of the Greek verb translated “is at hand,” it has been inferred that the error of the Thessalonians was, that the day of Christ had already come; but the argument is equally conclusive, whether this be so or not. The possibility of such a mistake is evident from the warning of our Lord Himself in Matt. xxiv. 23—26.

without a dissentient voice,\* and that in the same age in which the church practically lost sight of her Lord's promise to return, she also lost sight (as far as it was possible for her to do so) of the great and precious doctrine, "By grace are ye saved, through faith; and that not of yourselves; it is the gift of God."

Your's sincerely, X.

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*To the Editor of the Album.*

Dear Mr. Editor,—It occurred to me on reading your geological correspondent's introductory letter, that he intended to rescue the abettors of this science from the grave—though certainly unjust—charge of Infidelity, by making an able and lucid scriptural defence. However, after a lengthened preface, in which the case of literal readers of the Mosaic inspired history *versus* geologists is clearly stated, and in which some of the thrusts of the former are parried, your correspondent lays the Bible on the shelf, and treats us with a catalogue of technical terms, which only perplex, without convincing.

Now there is a grand sophism (*petitio principii*) implied in this mode of procedure; to wit, that God's works are more easily understood than his Word, and that consequently whatever men choose to say of the former must be supported by the latter,—in short, that Scripture must succumb to their ideas of God's works. I must deny the assumption, as a begging of the whole question, and maintain that the very reverse is the fact; viz., that God's works are "marvellous" and past finding out, whilst his word is "revelation," so plain that "a fool need not err therein." The first chapter of Genesis contains a record of God's work of creation, and as such, must be understood in its explanatory sense; otherwise, where is the use of this revelation at all?

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\* Even in apostolic times erroneous opinions were abroad on the subject of the resurrection. Some, for example, (no doubt understanding it in a figurative sense) said that it was *past already*.

The truth is, that geologists mystify Scripture by pretending to make discoveries repugnant to its plain teaching; and bring it to tally with their ideas of nature. It is plain that the right mode of studying nature is to take Revelation as our text-book; whereas geologists take nature as the text-book in studying Scripture. Instead of science being made the "handmaid of Religion," your correspondent (perhaps unawares) makes Religion and Revelation the ready handmaid of geology.

It may be very obvious to your correspondent that a "day" having "an evening and morning" may be any length of time however immense; but the evil is, that *we* cannot thus enlarge our conceptions.

It strikes me that the logical way of opening the "defence" would have been to meet and quash the "plaintiffs" arguments by proving that a day is *not* a day; which being done, we could have enjoyed the learned defence, by listening with minds unprejudiced.

Your correspondent's most scientific induction regarding the nature of the Ammonite is interesting,—a discovery of which a LISTER or a SMITH might be proud: but unhappily Scriptural difficulties not being removed, the whole labour upon me at least is thrown away. Had it been satisfactorily established from Scripture that six days *may not* be six days, I would then have been in a proper position to reap benefit from the dissertations of "W. H.;" but having dispensed with this (to me) indispensable preliminary, I must let the whole list of fossil wonders sink to their pristine depths, and account for their origin in some way more accordant with the simplicity of inspired history.

I hope I shall be excused for these strictures, as they might possibly be useful to your learned and pious correspondent, in case he ever attempts another vindication of geology. I am, Mr. Editor,

&c., &c.,

ACADEMICUS.



## THE RESURRECTION.

Christ, in the sixth chapter of John's Gospel, says four several times of the believer, — "I will raise him up at the *last day*." But a pre-millennarian will here tell me, that Christ meant the "last day" of this dispensation, and that 1000 years of time will *succeed* the last day. Our Lord himself exposes the futility of such a rash resource by a declaration which will put Chiliasts to everlasting confusion ;—see John xii. 48., speaking of those who reject Him, Christ says, "The word that I spoken, the same shall judge him in the *last day*." Mark, the righteous will be raised in the *last day*, saith Christ; and the wicked will be judged in the *last day*, saith Christ; therefore, it follows, with all the force of demonstration that the righteous will be *raised*, and the wicked *judged* in the same day, which day will be the *last*. And if a millennarian maintains that 1000 years will succeed the resurrection of the righteous; he is also bound to maintain that 1000 years of time will succeed the judgment of the wicked; that is, he is either bound to abandon his system, or exhibit a gross inconsistency. Here is the dilemma, and on one horn or the other, millennarians must be impaled, either of which puts them and their system to insurmountable inconvenience. After this, the remaining evidence may be considered merely supererogatory.

Again 2 Tim. iv. 1, Paul thus writes to the young bishop in plain, solemn language, "I charge thee therefore, before God, and the Lord Jesus Christ, who shall judge the quick and the dead at his appearing and his kingdom."

Now if the wicked are not to arise until 1000 years *after* His appearing: how are they to be judged *at* his appearing? Another sad dilemma for millennarians!

I may here be allowed to avail myself of an *argumentum ad hominem*, applicable to such as profess adherence to the "Athanasian creed." The words to

which I refer are these :—"From whence he (Christ) shall come to judge the quick and the dead ; *at* whose coming *all* men shall rise again with their bodies.&c. This is the Catholick faith; which except a man believe faithfully, he cannot be saved." Whilst I highly disapprove of such language in reference to any human composition whatever—language which lops off many a branch of the true vine, I cannot but wonder at the flexibility of the consciences of those who employ it, and yet do not "believe faithfully" this same "Catholic faith," part of which is, that "*at* Christ's coming *all* men shall rise again with their bodies." At the time this creed was compiled, Chiliasm seems to have been regarded as a fatal heresy. But I will dismiss this painful consideration.

Enoch prophesied of old, saying, "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousand of his saints, *to execute judgment upon all.*" But by sapient divines of the nineteenth century, in prejudice of Enoch's wisdom, we are told that the Lord will come, not to execute judgment upon all, but to reign a temporal King at Jerusalem.

That Jehovah Christ will execute judgment "*at* his coming" is a truth we dare not doubt; and that the universal resurrection will precede the judgment is equally undeniable ; from which it follows with all the force of logical and Scriptural consequence, that the universal resurrection must take place at the coming of our Lord. Let it be borne in mind that the fact of *order* in the resurrection of just and unjust, no more implies *two* resurrections than *order* in the tribes of Israel passing the Jordan implies *two* passages. One company by their standard, went through *first*, another company by their standard went through *second*, and so on of the others ; but surely no one will say this constitutes two or more *passages* of the river Jordan.

Before I bid farewell to your readers, many of them albeit for ever in this vale of tears, may I crave their forgiveness if I have said one word calculated to give pain to those who are necessitated to differ from me.

In love let us bear with one another's infirmities,  
 looking to Him who is at once the Lamb slain for us,  
 the Shepherd to lead us, the Lion to fight our battles,  
 the Root and the Branch—but ALL IN ALL.

AMICUS VERITATIS.

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*The Letter of "W. H." concluded.*

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All your readers, Mr. Editor, must have heard of the petrified forest in the isle of Portland. Beneath the surface soil is a layer of fresh water limestone, a bed of clay, and a second stratum of fresh water limestone. Below this is a layer termed (by the workmen) "the dirt bed," and in and upon it are trunks and branches of coniferous trees, many of the trees and plants are still erect, as if petrified whilst growing in their native forest, having their roots in the soil, and their trunks extending into the upper limestone. "On my visit," says Maude, "to this island in 1832, the floor of the quarry was literally strewn with fossil wood; and I saw before me a tropical forest, the trees and plants like the inhabitants of the city in the Arabian story, being converted into stone, yet still maintaining the places they occupied when alive." Beneath this forest is another bed of fresh water limestone, another layer of dirt with plants upon it, and below all these a marine limestone filled with shells; here are *several*, and *distinct* entombments of nature's works!

"In 1738 Herculaneum was discovered, which had been buried for centuries under the lava of Vesuvius." "In 1750 Pompeii was disencumbered of its volcanic ashes." Observers could *then* say, and actually *have* said, "here are the works of man, his temples, his houses, furniture and personal ornaments, his very wine and food, his dungeons with the skeletons of his prisoners chained in their awful solitudes, and here and there a victim overtaken by the fiery storm." The soil has formed over these cities, and grass and trees have

grown upon them, successive generations of men have passed over them. Still does any one hesitate to admit that these were once real cities? that they stood upon what was once the surface of the country; that their streets once rang with the noise of business; their halls and theatres with the voice of pleasure; and that they were overwhelmed by the eruptions of Vesuvius, and their place blotted out from the earth and forgotten.

Such inferences as the above none can dispute,—all must agree in the conclusions to be drawn from the discovery of the buried cities: and may we not say of the phenomena of the Portland quarry. These shells had inhabitants which once enjoyed their existence in seas of which this stone was the muddy deposit. Shall we not say of the petrified forest, this once grew upon the surface of the country; these trees once sent their roots into the soil, and spread their branches to the sky; that each season gave it fresh verdure, and each summer fresh growth, till some convulsion submerged this spot, by the subsequent deposition of the fresh water limestone, its place was blotted out from the earth and forgotten?

I have yet to reconcile such kind of argument with the recorded account of the creation. That our Creator's words and works will be in unison, though man's conceptions of them may be poor, vague, and erroneous, will be the subject of my next. I am, Mr Editor,

Your's obediently, W. H.

### *Concluding Letter.*

My dear Sir,—I proceed now to enquire, whether the Bible contradicts the deductions of geology, advanced in my previous letters; if it does so, if it says to the geologist, "you are mistaken in your data," or "your inferences are untrue," the science must at once fall to the ground, and its misguided followers will need your pity, as well as merit your reproof.

"How dare you assume," says the objector to geology,

"that vast periods were occupied in the creation of the world, when the Bible declares this work was the labour of six days, and when it also defines the length of these days by expressly stating, the evening and the morning were the first, second, third day?" "Yes!" exclaims the literal reader, "how dare you make that portion of time indefinite which is again distinctly measured in the second Book of Moses, when the command was given for keeping holy the Sabbath day?"

Now, Mr Editor, I would ask such interrogator (but in no cavilling spirit) to turn to Gen. i. 14, and after reading there the account of the creation of the heavenly orbs and their ordination to their office in the firmament, to state his belief (if he can do so without violence to his understanding), that the '*evening and the morning*' there spoken of were, in extent and duration, identical with *our day*. If he expresses such belief, he will perhaps explain, how the "Greater light" which was appointed to its office on the "fourth day" could, *antecedently to that time*, "divide the light from the darkness," and give, as it now does, the measure of *our day* to the earth.

I might venture to ask an opponent, without fearing a direct negative in reply, if he can read, "And not a man to till the ground," Gen. ii. 5, without inferring the lapse of a considerable space of time between the earth's adaptation to man, and his creation to possess and occupy it. And (without questioning for a moment the *possibility* of man's formation being perfected in a less period than a single day, had the Omnipotent so willed,) I might refer to Gen. ii. 8—20. and ask, "Does not the inspired account present to your mind, a longer period occupied in the events there detailed than is taken up by a single revolution of our planet upon its axis,—which revolution, by changing our relative situation with the 'greater light,' gives the measure of the natural day to man?"

But, Mr. Editor, I shall not rest my defence upon

inferences; I must meet the objector to Geology upon his own ground, and show from the literal reading of the Sacred word itself, that the recorded days of creation have no reference whatever to *our natural day*; but that the term *day* is used indefinitely in the Mosaic account, to denote an age, or a considerable length of time. We find in Gen. ii. 4, these six periods are styled "the generations of the heavens and the earth," and the whole of them are summed up together, "in the *day* the Lord God made the earth and the heavens."

I should forbear further remark upon this point, were it not from the fear of being thought desirous to evade all notice of the six days as they occur in the 20th chap. of Exodus. Now, Mr. Editor, whatever period these six days designate in one part of the Bible, they must designate the same period in another. If *generations* they once were, *generations* they are still, and such they will continue to be till the end of time. Still may these generations be the archetype of man's six days of labour, as God's rest is of man's sabbath day. Yet we should expect the copy to be as far below the original as the creature is beneath his Creator.

The day on which our Maker rested from His work hath continued from the perfection of creation to the present hour,—“One day is with the Lord as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day,” 2 Pet. iii. 8; but each one of us is constrained to exclaim with the Psalmist, “Behold, thou hast made my days a handbreadth; and mine age as nothing before Thee.” Ps. xxxix. 5. Must, then, the times of the Eternal be measured by the brief days of man? Must we bring down the *rest* of our God to the length of our sabbath day? Or may we be allowed to behold the archetype in all its grandeur, and view at the same time the merciful dispensation when its representation is lowered to meet the exigencies of man.

Other texts of Scripture are brought against the Geologist, (e. g.) “How!” says one, “death in the world

before the fall of man? do we not read, 'By one man sin entered into the world, and *death by sin*?' Rom. v. 12. But this scarcely needs a refutation, for the advancer of this text must either confine the application to *man*, or admit animals and the lower orders of creation to be participators with man in the resurrection to eternal life, for we read again, "For as in Adam *all* die, so in Christ shall *all* be made alive." 1 Cor. xv. 22.

Many notions are charged upon geology which its followers disclaim. "Do you suppose," says a questioner, "that the Omnipotent required a thousand years to create light, or animals, or man?" to which question the geologist replies by one on his part—Do you believe that a period of twenty-four hours was occupied in the same? We read, God said, 'let there be,' 'and it was so.' Gen. i. 4, 5. "He spake, and it was; He commanded, and it stood fast." (Ps. xxxiii. 9.)—but I must hasten to a conclusion.

I trust, Mr Editor, that in advancing my own views, I have not outraged the opinions of others—I have not been seeking converts, but the justification of the deductions of geology alone. If to the ingenuous reader I have offered a remark which may tend in any way to remove a prejudice from his mind, my labour is amply repaid; for with such reader I would not choose that geology should remain synonymous with infidelity.

Should my letters to you, Mr Editor, have met the eye of T. O., I beg to assure him, that, although from conviction I am obliged to hold some opinions different from his, I trust we do not disagree on essential points. So far as I am able to see, geology *confirms* the declarations of the Bible: it bears witness to the truth of the Mosaic account, as regards the consecutive stages of creation, and by the disclosure of its thousands of buried wonders emphatically proclaims, that "In the Beginning God created the Heavens and the Earth."

With thanks for your courtesy in giving place to my communications, I am, Mr Editor, your's very truly,  
W. H.







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